

The Critic

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"H. H." in Southern California.

IT SEEMS somehow more nearly an irreparable loss to us than to 'H. H.' that she did not live to taste her very substantial fame in Southern California. We should have had such delight in her unaffected pleasure in it, and it would have been one of those satisfactions somewhat adequate to our sense of fitness that is so seldom experienced. It was my good fortune to see Mrs. Jackson frequently in the days in New York when she was writing 'Ramona,' which was begun and perhaps finished in the Berkeley. The theme had complete possession of her; chapter after chapter flowed from her pen as easily as one would write a letter to a friend; and she had an ever fresh and vigorous delight in it. I have often thought that no one enjoyed the sensation of living more than Mrs. Jackson, or was more alive to all the influences of nature and the contact of mind with mind, more responsive to all that was exquisite and subtle either in nature or in society, or more sensitive to the disagreeable. This is merely saying that she was a poet; but when she became interested in the Indians and especially in the hard fate of the Mission Indians in California, all her nature was fused for the time in a lofty enthusiasm of pity and indignation, and all her powers seemed to her consecrated to one purpose. Enthusiasm and sympathy will not make a novel, but all the same they are necessary to the production of a work that has in it real vital quality; and in this case all previous experience and artistic training became the unconscious servants of Mrs. Jackson's heart. I know she had very little conceit about her performance; but she had a simple consciousness that she was doing her best work, and that if the world should care much for anything she had done, after she was gone, it would be for 'Ramona.' She had put herself into it.

And yet I am certain that she could have had no idea what the novel would be to the people of Southern California, or how it would identify her name with all that region, and make so many scenes in it places of pilgrimage and romantic interest for her sake. I do not mean to say that the people in California knew personally Ramona and Alessandro, or altogether believe in them, but that in these idealizations they recognize a verity and the ultimate truth of human nature, while in the scenery, in the fading sentiment of the old Spanish life, and the romance and faith of the Missions, the author has done for the region very much what Scott did for the Highlands. I hope she knows now, I presume she does, that more than one Indian school in the Territories is called the Ramona School; that at least two villages in California are contending for the priority of using the name Ramona; that all the travellers and tourists (at least in the time they can spare from real estate speculations) go about under her guidance, are pilgrims to the shrines she has described, and eager searchers for the scenes she has made famous in her novel; that more than one city and more than one town claims the honor of connection with the story; that the tourist has pointed out to him in more

than one village the very house where Ramona lived, where she was married—indeed, that a little crop of legends has already grown up about the story itself. I was myself shown the house in Los Angeles where the story was written, and so strong is the local impression that I confess to looking at the rose-embowered cottage with a good deal of interest, though I had seen the romance growing day by day in the Berkeley in New York.

The undoubted scene of the loves of Ramona and Alessandro is the Comulos Rancho, on the railway from Newhall to Santo Paulo, the route that one takes now (unless he wants to have a life-long remembrance of the ground swells of the Pacific in an uneasy little steamer) to go from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. It is almost the only one remaining of the old-fashioned Spanish haciendas, where the old administration prevails. The new railway passes it now, and the hospitable owners have been obliged to yield to the public curiosity and provide entertainment for a continual stream of visitors. The place is so perfectly described in 'Ramona' that I do not need to draw it over again, and I violate no confidence, and only certify to the extraordinary powers of delineation of the novelist, when I say that she only spent a few hours there—not a quarter of the time we spent in identifying her picture. We knew the situation before the train stopped by the crosses erected on the conspicuous peaks of the serrated, ashy, or shall I say purple, hills that enfold the fertile valley. It is a great domain, watered by a swift river, and sheltered by wonderfully picturesque mountains. The house is strictly in the old Spanish style, of one story about a large court, with flowers and a fountain, in which are the most noisy if not musical frogs in the world, and all the interior rooms opening upon a gallery. The real front is towards the garden; and here at the end of the gallery is the elevated room where Father Salvierderra slept when he passed a night at the hacienda—a pretty room, which has a case of Spanish books, mostly religious and legal, and some quaint and cheap holy pictures. We had a letter to Señora Del Valle, the mistress, and were welcomed with a sort of formal extension of hospitality that put us back into the courtly manners of a hundred years ago. The Señora, who is in no sense the original of the mistress whom 'H. H.' describes, is a widow now for seven years, and is the vigilant administrator of all her large domain—of the stock, the grazing lands, the vineyard, the sheep rancho, and all the people. Rising very early in the morning, she visits every department, and no detail is too minute to escape her inspection, and no one in the great household but feels her authority.

It was a very lovely day on the 17th of March (indeed, I suppose it had been preceded by 365 days exactly like it) as we sat upon the gallery looking on the garden, a garden of oranges, roses, citrons, lemons, peaches—what fruit and flower was not growing there?—acres and acres of vineyard beyond, with the tall cane and willows by the stream, and the purple mountains against the sapphire sky. Was there ever anything more exquisite than the peach-blossoms against that blue sky! Such a place of peace. A soft south wind was blowing, and all the air was drowsy with the hum of bees. In the garden is a vine-covered arbor, with seats and tables, and at the end of it is the opening into a little chapel, a domestic chapel, carpeted like a parlor, and bearing all the emblems of a loving devotion. By the garden gate hang three small bells, from some old mission, all cracked, but serving (each has its office) to summon the workmen or to call to prayer.

Perfect system reigns in Señora Del Valle's establishment, and even the least child in it has its duty. At sundown a little slip of a girl went out to the gate and struck on one of the bells. 'What is that for?' I asked as she returned. 'It is the Angelus,' she said simply. I do not know what would happen to her if she should neglect to strike it at the hour. At eight o'clock the largest bell was struck, and the Señora and all her household, including the

house-servant, went out to the little chapel in the garden, which was suddenly lighted with candles, gleaming brilliantly through the orange groves. The Señora read the service, the household responding—a twenty-minutes' service, which is as much a part of the administration of the establishment as visiting the granaries and presses and the bringing home of the goats. The Señora's apartments, which she permitted us to see, were quite in the nature of an oratory, with shrines and sacred pictures and relics of the faith. By the shrine at the head of her bed hung the rosary carried by Father Junipero—a priceless possession. From her presses and armoires the Señora, seeing we had a taste for such things, brought out the feminine treasures of three generations, the silk and embroidered dresses of last century, the ribosas, the jewelry, the brilliant stuffs of China and Mexico, each article with a memory and a flavor.

But I must not be betrayed into writing about Ramona's home. How charming indeed it was the next morning—though the birds in the garden were astir a little too early—with the thermometer set to the exact degree of warmth without languor, the sky blue, the wind soft, the air scented with orange and jessamine. The Señora had already visited all her premises before we were up. We had seen the evening before an enclosure near the house full of cashmere goats and kids, whose antics were sufficiently amusing—most of them had now gone afield; workmen were coming for their orders, plowing was going on in the barley field, traders were driving to the plantation store, the fierce eagle in a big cage by the olive press was raging at his detention. Within the house enclosure are an olive mill and press, a wine-press and a great storehouse of wine, containing now little but empty casks—a dusky, interesting place, with pomegranates and dried bunches of grapes and oranges and pieces of jerked meat hanging from the rafters. Near by is a corn-house and a small distillery, and the corrals for sheep-shearing are not far off. The ranches for cattle and sheep are on the other side of the mountain.

Peace be with Comulos. It must please the author of 'Ramona' to know that it continues in the old ways; and I trust she is undisturbed by the knowledge that the rage for change will not long let it be what it now is.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Reviews.

The Duke of Argyll's "Scotland."*

THIS is rather a contribution to the discussion of the land problem, than a history proper. But since at certain stages of society, the relation of the community to the land is the most fundamental question, a history of the landed relations is, for these periods, practically a history of society itself. This history is peculiarly interesting in relation to Scotland. For the clan system of modern times is not, as is usually supposed, the outgrowth of the primitive tribal system, but is a comparatively modern creation, having its analogy in the artificial clans of India, described by Sir Alfred Lyall, rather than in the genealogical clan proper. From this point of view it appears that the Scotch clan was not founded upon the principle of community of land in a body of kinsmen, but that the land was from the first the property of the chief, the clansmen being his brothers only by fiction, and having no original rights to the land. This is at all events the view presented by the Duke of Argyll, himself the representative of one of these early chiefs; and it follows, if this view is correct, that the proprietary rights of these modern noblemen are not derived from encroachment upon the rights of the clansmen, but are original and so far equitable.

Whether this account of the matter, which is no doubt essentially correct, should not be modified in detail, is a question which can be answered only by specialists in the history of Scottish institutions. At best the right thus

claimed rests upon conquest, and takes no account of the previous rights of the conquered communities. Moreover, while the experience of Scotland illustrates in a most interesting way the important truth that, however well suited a system of land community is to the earlier stages of human progress, when these stages have been passed, it is an almost insurmountable obstacle to further progress. While thus the *régime* of private ownership is an indispensable condition of the higher civilization, on the other hand it does not follow that this private ownership should necessarily be that of large estates. Without speaking dogmatically upon the point, we are convinced that in the long run small properties are more favorable to civilization than large; and however it may have been in the past, it seems probable that at the present day the enormous properties of the Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Argyll work positive evil to the people of Scotland. The romantic history of the kings and clans of Scotland is familiar, but very little attention has been given by English writers to the history of Scottish institutions; yet the institutions of Scotland—whether the tribes and clans of the North, or the phases of feudal and parliamentary usages in those parts of the Kingdom which once were a part of England—deserve close attention from our students. The book before us is therefore especially welcome as a contribution to a vital and difficult problem.

Story's "Roba di Roma."*

IN THESE elegant volumes is preserved in permanent form all that the sculptor Story has written on Rome, Italy and Italian subjects. How well we remember certain delicious August days, a decade or so ago, when, prowling round the Eternal City, we fell in with this book in an old circulating library in the Piazza di Spagna, and used it alongside of Augustus Hare's 'Walks' in our reveries and peregrinations up and down the sunlit streets. No malaria or Roman fever for us in those days, despite the glow of summer. We walked and explored and read these pages with delight, finding in each essay food for varied thought—wonder at the author's thorough Romanization and complete mastery of his subject, admiration for his skill in presenting so vivid a memorial of customs and superstitions, pleasure in his inexhaustible knowledge of Italian—and its eccentric offshoot, Roman—life. That others have found the same education through the book this eighth edition of 'Roba di Roma' abundantly shows. It gives just what the guide-books give not—the most interesting and detailed glimpses into such subjects as 'Street Music in Rome,' 'Beggars,' 'Roman Christians,' 'Lent in Rome,' 'Games,' 'Caffès and Theatres,' 'Puppet Plays' and 'Maytime in Rome.' On such subjects as these the author gives us four or five hundred graphically written pages, lifting the curtain just where we want it lifted and dropping it in time to save us from *ennui*. His discursive, digressional, unhurried style leaves him time and opportunity to exhibit scenes and events with leisurely amplitude. His eye is drawn by all that is strange and problematic in Roman life; his pen is garrulous of out-of-the-way topics such as form the very cream of Italian peculiarity, and its crowding touches let us into the secret of innumerable things—celebrations, habits, family ties and associations, manners, characteristics—such as are never dreamed of even by the most elaborate guide-book. Alas, that he should be called upon in the preface to the last edition to write as follows:—

What is a sorrow and a sadness, what is inexcusable, is the destruction of the villas and gardens within the city [since the capital was moved to the Tiber], which formerly lent such a peculiar charm to Rome. The beautiful and romantic grounds of the Villa Ludovisi have now disappeared; its ilexes and green alleys have been ruthlessly hewn down to give place to new streets and houses. The nightingales will sing there no more, and lovers and friends

* Scotland as It Was and as It Is. By the Duke of Argyll. 2 vols. \$8. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. New Edition. 2 Vols. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

from afar will no longer wander there and yield their spirits to the charm of its romance. That is of the past. And, too, the Villa Massimo has gone, and the Villa Negroni; and even as I write [1887] the delightful and picturesque Colonna Gardens are about to disappear. Even the Villa Borghese is threatened, with its varied and exquisite slopes, and its broad stone fences and sombre ilexes and shadowy glens, where all the world now drives and saunters as the afternoon draws towards sunset.

But Story is on the whole an optimist, and thinks that many of these alterations were indispensable. 'In regard to the ancient remains of Rome, great care has been taken to preserve them, and over them an archæological commission presides to see that none are destroyed which are deemed to be of importance. . . . But after all, precious as every stone of Rome is to the world, and filled as every corner of it is with historical associations and memories, it is none the less true that some changes were absolutely required, . . . and it cannot, I think, be honestly insisted that what has been done has either been wanton or without at least apparent excuse. . . . But one cannot but sigh in remembering how pleasant and soothing the old Rome was, 'and despite all reasoning there lingers a fond regret for the olden time, when Rome was sleeping.' The new edition is enriched with numerous notes, of the 'Ilium fuit' kind, showing how many of the old familiar faces and places are irrecoverably gone.

Mr. Walker and "The Lady of Dardale."

'THE LADY OF DARDALE' at last makes her appearance. Her sponsor—the author of her being, rather—leads her forward and presents her to us with a bow; but her face is veiled: we are allowed to see it only as it is painted in words by her historian. Of his, on the other hand, we get full sight, the frontispiece of the book being a woodcut portrait of the author with his name printed beneath it, in a neatly-shaded, back-handed script. It is not the face of the Poet as fancy pictures that rare creature; it bears no family resemblance to Shakspeare, Schiller, Shelley, or Sophocles; it suggests rather a village editor, an exciseman, a justice of the peace. And when one sees that there are over 600 pages between this portrait and the back of the book, he regards the volume with misgivings. Nor are these removed when he reads in the dedication ('To America') of 'a moistened eyne,' when he is told that 'twere Homers struck the lyre,' or finds Tennyson described as

The sweet exquisite bard that time
Has laureled near the throne.

(Note that the accent in 'exquisite' falls on the second syllable.) The Preface informs us that Mr. Walker was born August 9, 1852, at Charleston, N. H., and that 'the little gable-roofed house,' his birthplace, 'stands there to-day in its unassuming simplicity, with slight marks of age.' It is a wonder that the pride which 'goeth before destruction' hasn't long since ripped the gable-roof from this little mansion, and laid prostrate the walls which had the honor of sheltering so marvellous a babe. Now that 'The Lady of Dardale' has been given to the world, however, it is safe: the world will see that neither Time nor the hand of the vandal is permitted to deface this New Hampshire shrine and temple.

Mr. Walker is blessed with copiousness of speech. The Introduction to the main poem in his book consists of ten solid pages of blank-verse; and a footnote to one of its innumerable lines casually refers to 'a poem of a thousand verses, destroyed.' This Introduction is followed with two mottoes (one from Keats, the other from Leigh Hunt), and a 'Dedication to 'Henry, the author's son of three months,' whose portrait, facing the dedication, shows the youngster to be a true chip of the old block—a Horace Eaton Walker in little—a poet in embryo. 'Now,' we say to ourselves, 'the poem itself is reached at last.' But turning the leaf, we come upon

*The Lady of Dardale, and Other Poems. By Horace Eaton Walker. \$2.00. Manchester, N. H.: George W. Browne.

another 'General Introduction,' and after this an 'Introduction to Canto I.' It is like opening the series of boxes within boxes, in the last and least of which a practical joker has concealed a trifling gift. Only the hidden treasure in this case is larger than the encompassing boxes. We once knew how many hundreds (or thousands) of lines it contained; but the number has slipped our memory, and other demands upon our time prevent our counting them. Suffice it to say, that there are as many as any reasonable reader could demand; and for good measure, pressed down and running over, the author throws in footnotes with a liberal hand. Thus two short lines are starred, daggered and double-daggered in this wise:

A Highland maid,* a Lowland love,†
And stars his† eyes that shine above;

with the following footnotes to correspond: * 'Highland Mary,' † Burns's, '† Burns.' From one of the introductions, we cull this flower of speech,

The knight, De Lacy, trods the hall;

and from the last Canto a couple of couplets which, if Mr. Walker were Shakspeare, would be quoted to prove him an ox-driver:

The trumpets sound. The crowd is silent now,
And softest lyre is heard. Does Lacy *cow*?
Ah, never, never! Goaded madness there,
And boldly gives the angered stare for stare.

We have found more enjoyment in some of the 'Other Poems' than in 'The Lady of Dardale'—in 'Tennyson,' for instance, where we come upon this gem of purest ray serene:

But when thy verse, so calm and free,
Had schooled in higher schools,
We gave thee fame, immortality,
And angled in the pools.

Or in 'Waterloo,' which is freighted with the ripened results of thought and emotion to a degree that may be inferred from the concluding stanza:

O Isle of Elba!—Josephine!
Napoleon!—England!—France!
O Waterloo! O Waterloo!
A mighty Dream!—A Trance!

Or in 'Sir Critic,' wherein Mr. Walker unhesitatingly asserts what perhaps needed no assertion—namely, that he 'differs' 'from accepted codes;' and throws his glove at the reviewers' feet in this delightfully grammatical stanza:

So I think, Sir Critic,
Tho' I love your skill;
I will sing as natural
As the babbling rill.

Lovers of verse who love pictures as well will be glad to know that 'The Lady of Dardale' is illustrated with numerous woodcuts more or less appropriate to the text.

Some Recent Poetical Works.*

THE quality of the poetical vintage has been unusually high this season. Silas Lapham, we suppose, would say that the supply has followed the demand; the publishers, on the other hand, are agreed that the public does not want poetry. Credat Judæus! Let them try to enforce a Maine-law against rhyme and metre, and even the babies will cry aloud for its repeal.

The plan of 'Sonnets in Shadow' (1) is somewhat akin to that of 'In Memoriam,' and in treatment there is even less of the conventional elegiac *keen* than in Tennyson's poem. Not only the sorrow of a heart bereaved, but the wild questionings that perplex the soul and puzzle the will of one whose light seems fled, find utterance here. Beauti-

*1. Sonnets in Shadow. By Arlo Bates. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros. 2. Madrigals and Catches. By Frank Dempster Sherman. \$1.00. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. 3. Greek Lays, Idylls and Legends: A Selection from recent and contemporary poets. Translated by E. M. Edmonds. London: Trübner & Co. 4. The Poet's Praise. By Henry Hamilton. \$1.25. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons. 5. From Dawn to Dusk, and Other Poems. By Hector MacCulloch. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ful as night itself are some of these lays, and tremulous with a feeling that seems half suppressed even when most eloquent. Here and there a certain stateliness of phrase reminds us of Shakspeare's sonnets, to which there is another point of resemblance in the frankness with which the singer's varying moods are expressed. One quotation must suffice:

Of all the myriad ways which lead to Hell,
The lowest deep seeks that through Paradise;
For every bygone bliss we must the price
Of agony with no abatement tell.
Of each dear love Fate keeps the tally well,
And scores the cost with an exactness nice
Beyond a Shylock's reckoning. No device
Can cheat her avarice. The sisters sell,
Not give, their boons, and dearly all men pay
To utmost farthing for what seems a gift,
Yet, when grief brings of settlement the day,
The heart none of its load of debt would shift,
Though sold to be the slave of woe away;
In love it glories at its own unthrift.

Clad in white and gold like the lilies, Mr. Sherman's new volume (2) is fitly addressed to the 'youths and maidens' for whom poets love to sing. Bring youth and a light heart to its perusal, and you will be charmed. Its air of heyday and holiday, its *badinage* touched with sentiment, its pretty affectations and refinements, present a striking contrast to the unrelieved melancholy of 'Sonnets in Shadow.' *Vers de société* are exotic in our busy New York, and the few touches of local color are insufficient to give a homebred look to these gay trifles. The bells in Mr. Sherman's cap are of silver, however, and his taste is never at fault. But we cannot forgive him for accenting 'Nemesis' on the penult. Nicknaming a goddess is a parlous matter.

In reading the Greek ballads which Mrs. Edmonds has translated (3) we are inevitably reminded of Byron's famous lyric. The mountains and the sea are the same, but the people are changed indeed. The Turkish domination has left an ineffaceable imprint, and a superstitious creed has done the rest. There is more affinity between the popular ballads of Brittany, let us say, and these of modern Greece, than between these latter and the ancient literature of the race. Yet they possess an interest of their own, in the glimpses they afford of peasant life, with its quaint customs and picturesque traditions. The translated version is entirely readable, if somewhat uneven.

The feeling which speaks in Mr. Hamilton's verse (4) is true and sweet, and its expression is often felicitous. Not a few of his sonnets are such as might please the most fastidious taste. His work, however, is very unequal, and his subject has been too much for him.

The note of provincialism is struck in Mr. MacCulloch's volume (5), and it is the only note that is struck with any clearness.

"A Century of Electricity."*

THIS capital little book is one of the best specimens of popular science we have seen for a long time. It is clear, accurate and concise, giving in small space a well-proportioned, trustworthy and interesting account of the century's progress in electrical science, and the applications of the science in the arts. Of course it is not written for the specialist, and does not bristle with formulæ and technical terms; nor is it written for children or uneducated people, and so is no Rollo book, nor milk for babes. It aims at the intelligent public of business or professional men, who want, in small compass and agreeably stated, general but correct information on the important topics it deals with. The author is an authority in electricity, and writes from full knowledge both of the principles and history of his subject; he is an accomplished teacher and successful lecturer, and so has the art of putting things logically, clearly and forcibly; he is witty and humorous, and so his scientific expositions

* A Century of Electricity. By T. C. Mendenhall. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

are lighted here and there with amusing turns of thought and expression, in such a way that no one not absolutely stupid could fail to enjoy the reading. There are numerous pleasant and valuable little biographical sketches of the most distinguished electrical discoverers and inventors, which remind one continually of Miss Clerke's admirable volume on the 'History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century.' Whether the earlier work in any way suggested the form and manner of the later one we do not know, but there is certainly a very considerable resemblance in tone and treatment. In a careful reading of the book, the only error we have remarked is a slight non-correspondence between the figure of Daniell's battery (p. 59) and the description in the text. That the book is well made mechanically goes without saying, as it comes from the Riverside Press.

Recent Fiction.

'THE JESUIT'S RING,' by A. A. Hayes (Scribner), is a tempting title, but the story is not one of those that write themselves. It is a careful, neat compilation of a little ancient history, a little local color, a bit of Whittier, an allusion to strikes, and enough of contemporary social summer dissipation at Mt. Desert to fill out the book. The Jesuit's ring plays but a small part in the drama; it was lost long long ago in the woods of Mt. Desert, and it is found by the hero with the aid of witch-hazel. The local color of Mt. Desert at the present day has been thinned out considerably by the story-tellers, and even the time-honored joke of the 'hauled-mealers' seems to have lost a little of its savor. The cheerful ease with which the hero puts down a railroad strike at the West is pleasing; but it exhibits that literary alacrity in demolishing dragons which realists are not quite tolerant of. The problem is not how to put down strikes—for which, as the author implies, cold steel and the muskets of 'regulars' are undoubtedly a good thing—but how to prevent strikes; not how to quell men, but how to make them stop hating you. And although Mr. Hayes might very rightfully and indignantly reply that he had not attempted to grapple with problems in his story, but merely sought an opportunity for his hero to display courage, we still regret that he did not restrict his hero to purely literary limits, and let him do some marvellous thing in a social way at Mt. Desert.

IT IS HARD to classify 'Gotham and the Gothamites' (Chicago: Laird & Lee). If genuine, as a translation by F. C. Valentine from the German of a Baron von Karlstein, the translator has less need to make the apology he does for certain Teutonisms which have crept into his English from his hasty work of thirty hours, than to explain the peculiarly American kind of humor—the kind known as 'funniness'—which has crept into the style, and which it is extremely difficult to associate in the most limited degree with the heavy Teutonic mind. If to be taken in earnest, the reader will be somewhat startled at the observation of a foreigner who announces that in New York no man ever smokes 'in the presence of a virtuous woman'; or that, 'as a rule,' the children of the city wear eye-glasses, owing to the defective sight produced by their parents' reading so much fine print in the cars; or that, in the electioneering song alluding to

James G. Blaine,

Continental liar from the State of Maine,

'continental' is the word commonly used in the States instead of 'damn.' If intentional burlesque, these expressions are hardly any more 'funny' than they are correct. Besides the 'funniness,' there is much indelicacy and coarseness. The 'take-off' of the imperious American child ordering her papa to buy a certain doll on the street, and of the lovers too absorbed in reading the newspapers on the elevated train to discover that they were sitting opposite each other, or of the kind of advertisement with which every kind of American advertises his wares, cannot compensate for much in the book that is, to say the least, unpleasing.

'WEE WIFIE,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Lippincott), is a title that does not create a very profound interest in what the story is likely to be. When we try to read it, however, and find that 'Wee Wifie's' real name is 'Fay,' and that her boudoir is a 'wee blue-lined nestie,' our patience quite gives way. The reader who perseveres with Fay's childlikeness, will find her a simple wife who makes a terrible mistake through an extremely foolish misunderstanding, and who, lacking courage for suicide, decides to go forth into the wilderness and 'get lost.' How her distracted husband finds her, how he brings her home, and convinces her that no intellect, or beauty, or charm of any kind in any other woman, could for a mo-

ment seem to him comparable to the innocence and simplicity of his 'wee wife,' and how under the influence of his praise she becomes wee-er and wifer than ever, is elaborately set forth for those who care to know.—WE FORESEE what is before us in 'Harcourt,' by Annie Somers Gilchrist (Lippincott), when we find in the opening pages a good many slender dark-eyed girls of thirteen summers, palatial mansions, costly statues, gorgeous exotics, flashing fountains, haughty surprise, smiles of contempt, red, scornful lips, proud patricians, and other lofty nouns, each attended by a still loftier adjective. Before long an Italian music-master appears upon the scene, under the lilacs, and 'picking up the violet Lillian had unconsciously dropped,' presses it passionately to his lips, and rapidly following her, mutters the while: 'Oh, pure, peerless vestal! Fit emblem of you is this white, sweet flower. I have worshipped you in silence until my suspense has grown unbearable, and I am resolved to seek you and know my fate. Ah, little blossom, doubly fragrant, for my proud, beautiful one has worn you on her bosom. Rest on mine and soothe my tortured heart!' After this—the Deluge.

'FORCED ACQUAINTANCES,' by Edith Robinson (Ticknor), is the story of two young sisters who cannot 'get on' together, one of whom exclaims in one of her rages that she 'doesn't see what relations are, any way, but "forced acquaintances."' With the exception of a few, a very few, light touches of genuine humor, the book is unpleasant and unprofitable. We venture to believe that there are very few families of the social position of the Wares in this story in which sisters behave as Marion and Kitty do. There is an ill-bred atmosphere about the book; and even considered as a warning, it is to be remembered that a story of sweetness and light, telling young girls what to do, is worth infinitely more than one of no sweetness and ways that are dark, showing them what not to do. Happily, few sisters need the moral taught in 'Forced Acquaintances,' and those who do could be taught it in more effective ways.—ONE APPRECIATES the stride that realism has made in literature within a very few years, on taking up such a story as 'Miss Churchill,' by Christian Reid (Appleton), and discovering how old-fashioned seems already the type of heroine which was once the novelist's sole ideal. 'Miss Churchill' is the extraordinary young woman, formerly so popular in fiction, who possesses marvellous beauty, wonderful accomplishments and charm, to a degree never actually found in poor human nature. In the present instance she is a pronounced prig, and the reader takes a fiendish delight in the final overthrow of her happiness through her own attempt to secure unlimited and selfish bliss.

'THE FEUD OF OAKFIELD CREEK' is a story of California, by Josiah Royce. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) We are wont to associate California tales with dash and daring in style as well as in plot; but 'The Feud' is a curiously lingering, not to say slow, account of a family discord, and is too tediously spun out to be of thrilling interest. It is a story told largely by description, and it is very hard to follow the clew through the maze of words. The feud itself, so far as we get at it, was an extremely foolish one, and the reader finds it hard to sympathize with either family.—'ROGER CAMERDEN' (George J. Coombes) is not well enough told as 'A Strange Story' to be an addition of any great value to occult romance. The story is incredible, impossible, unpleasing and uninteresting. The reader does not believe in it for a moment, though imaginative skill on the part of some occult romancers makes credible and enjoyable far more inexplicable plots.—'MRS. HEPHAESTUS,' by George A. Baker (Frederick A. Stokes), is a very brief story, written in poor taste and without sufficient imaginative skill to redeem its vapid and unpleasant details. Of the other short stories bound with it, 'Labor Troubles on an Island' contains some germs of humor; but none of them is in any way remarkable.—THE PUTNAMS issue in their series of Knickerbocker Novels 'The Story of Kennett' and 'Hannah Thurston,' by Bayard Taylor, which will be remembered as quiet, pleasing stories, with a good deal of humor and clever description in dealing with the eccentricities of life in small villages, and of different religions and social beliefs.

'THE STRIKE IN THE B—MILL' (Ticknor's Round-Robin Series) is not a very valuable contribution to the literature of strikes, either as a story or a study. It is put together from the ordinary details obtainable from any newspaper: a strike by the mill hands for higher wages; concession from the owners on the ground that the claim is just; continued refusal of the hands to work while any non-union men are employed with them; a mob; a putting-down of the mob; allusions to the folly of the 'Associates of Toil' in subjecting themselves to the despotism of 'Unions,' etc., etc. All this we knew before, and there is no character-

drawing to give the familiar story any life or meaning of special interest. It was put together apparently for the sake of giving at the close the author's theory for a remedy. He thinks that a grand colonization scheme should be started, powerful enough to induce wage-earners to become producers; in other words, to send men to farms at the West rather than to keep them in factories. This is all very well if it would work; but it operates very much like the effort to induce shop-girls to become domestic servants. Every reason for its failure is given except the true one. It is not the feeling of servitude, or lack of independence, or the cruelty of mistresses: it is the simple aversion to washing dishes, sweeping and scrubbing. And men who go into factories, rather than to farms, do it, not because they believe it to be for their advantage, but because they don't like farming. The solution of the labor problem lies deeper than in simply giving the laborer something else to do.

'PROFESSOR JOHNNY,' by Jak (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), is one of the excellent Birchwood Series, and as its name suggests, it deals chiefly with a studious boy who likes nothing so well as books, except chemical experiments. The story is complicated by the arrival of an undesirable cousin who hates books, and several admirable though unobtrusive morals are effectively brought out. The restless and mischievous lad proves to be a perfect godsend to the household in more ways than one, and Professor Johnny's fine influence over him seems actually less than his fine influence over Johnny. The story is at once healthful, natural and profitable.—WHY so much good white paper and clear print should be wasted on such a performance as 'The Martyr of Golgotha,' translated from the Spanish by Miss Josephine Godoy (Gottschberger), we are at a loss to see. And why people are not content with the incomparable Life of Christ as we have it in the Authorized Version, but must needs have it spiced, seasoned, colored, dramatized in meretricious form, thrown into the shape of an historical romance, and watered with intolerable nonsense, is a greater mystery still. 'The Martyr of Golgotha' is a lurid Spanish romance of this description, written from a Romanist point of view and decked out like the *Bambino* in a Spanish cathedral, with all sorts of historical, legendary and rhetorical padding. Such books may appeal to a certain class of minds, and may edify them; but we have neither been appealed to nor edified by the valiant efforts we have made to wade through this book.

IN 'A NEAR RELATION' Christabel R. Coleridge takes for a theme one that Jean Ingelow had already worked—the exchange of two babies soon after birth, so that no one knew which was which. Miss Ingelow made a fine study of it by having one of the infants of much humbler birth than the other, so that the reader was continually interested in trying to trace the effect of heredity and the effect of environment; while the *dénouement* was a touch of rare art and exquisite fidelity to nature. Christabel R. Coleridge is less successful. Her two babies are cousins, and the only point to the tale is that one is ashamed to acknowledge his own father after he finds him out.—'DOROTHY FOSTER,' as an historical story of troublous times in England, is necessarily less cheerful in tone than most of Besant's tales. Dorothy herself is represented as telling the story in the demure maidenly style of the time, and she does not, of course, embellish the account with the quips and wiles that Besant himself could have indulged in. However artistic this complete abnegation of self may be from a literary point of view, we cannot help feeling that we had rather have Walter Besant write for us than Dorothy Forster.

'A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN' is the story of a woman whose wilfulness the author entirely approves of. The obstinacy is that of a sweet-natured girl who insists on doing her best to compensate those whom her father's recklessness had ruined. Choosing to marry a blind man whom she loves, we are grateful to the author for being realistic enough not to let the husband miraculously recover his sight.—'DEVON BOYS,' by George Manville Fenn (Franklin Square Library), is a story of adventure told almost wholly in conversation made up of short quick sentences. The page therefore looks very attractive, and the narrative is far from dull, being spiced with innumerable hairbreadth escapes, smugglers, gunpowder explosions, mining experiences, and other startling adventures dear to the souls of many boys besides those of Devon.—'ELIZABETH'S FORTUNE,' by Bertha Thomas, is the fortune of a girl who begins with selling oranges, goes upon the stage, and finally rises to the level of keeping a dairy farm. The intermediate steps look tedious. These five books are in the Franklin Square Library.

'MOLOCH,' by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Lippincott), is a story so unpleasant in tone, subject and treatment, that one wonders how a

woman could have been induced to handle the theme. A man who has run away with another man's wife and afterwards deserted her and their two children, falls in love years afterward with the daughter whom the woman had deserted as an infant when she left her husband. He does not know the situation at first, but is horrified on discovering it, and the innocent young woman who loves him to distraction learns too late that her lover had ruined her own mother, and has children who are her half-brother and sister. That innocent victims have to be sacrificed to the Moloch of other people's sins is the moral of the story, and it could have been taught just as effectively with a less hideous theme. Not only is the subject repulsive, but the filling-in is of a kind to make one shrink from the bald statements which are supposed to show 'knowledge of the world' and of the 'ways of men.' Such men as are here delineated had better be given the seclusion that literature does not grant.—IN 'LLANGOBATH' (Utica: T. J. Griffiths) Rev. Erasmus W. Jones has tried to give the local color of North Wales in the form of a story. Weird tales, legends, harpers' songs, Church rites, Christmas celebrations, etc., are connected by a slight thread of story, in which cruel parents, faithful lovers, long-lost sailors, plotting villains, and other familiar types, play their usual parts.—'THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT of Potsdam,' translated by El Rapha from the German of A. von Winterfeld (T. R. Knox & Co.), is supposed to be 'funny.' It is in reality a combination of coarse jokes which only a very dull intellect could find amusing, and is written in such bad taste that one is grateful for the lack of wit which makes it unattractive.

'JOHN WESTACOTT,' by James Baker (Franklin Square Library), is a foolish story of a simple-minded German maid, who is virtuously contented, so long as John means to marry her somewhere—in Vienna, Italy, Paris,—to take with him an extremely circuitous route towards any of these cities. Her simpleness is only equalled by the marvellous conversion of John, who after having had no intention of marrying her anywhere, and after grave intentions at one time of throwing her down into a convenient ravine, suddenly repents, means to marry her as soon as he is well again, but dies in the attempt. If anything else were needed to complete this tragic farce, it would be John's confession to Leischen that he had seriously thought of murdering her to get rid of her, accepted by her with a sweet smile to the effect that at any rate he didn't. Add to this, however, that after John's death, Leischen is quickly snapped up by a former lover, who after his marriage with her never fails to speak with the greatest respect of John, as of one to whom he and Leischen owed a good deal, more especially as he had taught them both to speak English!

'IN ONE TOWN,' by Edmund Downey (Appleton), is a story from the Shakespearian text: 'Many ways meet in one town.' The title does not seem to have any special appropriateness, as even fewer varieties of life and character are drawn in it than one meets in the average novel. The story runs all in one groove, and deals with one set of people: seafaring people on shore who might very easily have met in one town, and even in one street. The matrimonial troubles are largely of the Enoch Arden description, but they are the loves and sorrows of a class of people whom the author has been unable to make interesting.—'RONALD HALLIFAX,' by Arthur Lee Knight, illustrated (Frederick Warne & Co.), in spite of its sensational cover is rather better than the average book about the boy who would be a sailor. Ronald has many thrilling adventures, and in the course of his experience on a British ship, witnesses the great fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor on our own shores. The author is kind enough to state that the captain of a Yankee frigate, whom Ronald's lieutenant met, spoke 'with scarcely any trace of nasal intonation.'—AN illustrated edition of 'The Land of Fire,' Capt. Mayne Reid's tale of adventure in the region of Tierra del Fuego, containing the exciting incidents inevitable in all of this author's work, is issued by the same publishers.

'THE GRAY TIGERS of Smithville' (Philadelphia) is a school extravaganza in three acts, edited by Edward Roth, A.M., and is the first of a series of American School and College Plays which it is proposed to issue. 'The Gray Tigers' is an amusing illustration of 'He would and he wouldn't,' and it brings in very cleverly the weak points of both civilians and soldiers.—AS THERE are five marriages on the last page, one of the brides being married even twice on that page, her husband having died in a paragraph between the two weddings, it seems hardly worth while to read a book to find out 'How He Lost Her.' The story is told by Jonathan Barrett, C.E. (Dillingham), and shows a lamentable lack of taste and grammar.—'THE OLD HOUSE at Sandwich,' by Joseph Hatton (Appleton), is a story for the story-readers, with a great

deal of plot and excitement but very little charm or artistic power. Sandwich and the old house are merely a nucleus for the story, the scene of which is largely laid in the western United States.—'BOSCOBEL' (Dillingham) has for its sub-title 'A Story of a Winter in Florida.' The story is intended to outweigh the local color, but both are extremely light in quality. If we remember rightly, it is not a new book, but one of several years ago republished.—'FOR HIM,' by Gipsy (Brentano), is a story poor in taste, bad in grammar, weak in morality, and abounding in mock heroics that are worse perhaps for seeming to be what they are not. It is, unfortunately, short.

'BRITTA,' by George Temple, is a not very cheerful story of life in the Shetland Islands; but it is artistically told, and gives a clear picture of the troubles of crofter life, and the almost feudal dependence of the crofters on the will of the 'laird.' It is with very skilful touch that the author shows how such grinding poverty as that of the crofters hardens the heart, till the mother is willing to forswear her son to ward off the anger of the laird who can make her other children homeless.—'THE REGIMENTAL LEGENDS' of John Strange Winter are too good to be buried in such fine print. We can only assure the reader that the fine print is really worth a struggle, as these brief, bright or tender little stories of a soldier life have all the pleasant charm of the author's earlier ones.—'THE NINE OF HEARTS,' by B. L. Farjeon, is too elaborately ingenious to be very interesting. A less intricate plot would have been more exciting, because less improbable. These three volumes appear in Harper's Handy Series.—WE SPOKE very highly of 'A Child of The Revolution,' by the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori,' when it appeared in Harper's Handy Series, and we are glad to see it again in more permanent form, issued by Dutton, with illustrations, in good clear print and cloth binding. The Revolution is the French Revolution, and the 'Child' is a little patrician adopted by rabid 'citizens' and loved by them precisely because of her aristocratic charm and grace. The situation gives rise to many complications, whose delicate ingenuity and subtle illustration of human nature we have already called attention to.

Minor Notices.

IT IS with fear and trembling that one takes up nowadays any biography. The better one likes the subject or the compiler, the greater is the dread of having one's liking fatally affected. Of the Life of Charles Reade, it may be said first that no very great interest is felt in such a work anyway. Reade's was not an attractive personality, and the great public have not felt the overweening desire to know all about him which has inspired it on hearing of possible biographies of Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot. Secondly, the result, as offered by Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade (Harper), is unfortunate in increasing, rather than dispelling, the feeling of indifference. As a piece of literary work, it is incoherent, dull and unsuggestive of any particular skill on the part of the compilers, or of any love for their subject. As a life of Reade, it does not make us love the man any better, even if we do not like him any less; and altogether the effort has not added to our libraries or our consciousness anything of any great value. Grateful indeed should we have been to a biographer who could have reinspired in us the old enthusiasm for a man who could write 'Peg Woffington' and 'Christie Johnson,' and made us forget the literary piracies and the strange personal behavior later in life of one we would fain have loved. But this the present biography is very far from doing.

THERE is much that is bright and readable in 'A Look Round Literature,' by Robert Buchanan (Scribner & Welford). One of our American contemporaries once remarked concerning a well-known English historical writer and M.P., that he was 'able to write on any subject, from Pauline Markham to the precession of the equinoxes.' Mr. Buchanan's ambitions have been similarly broad. He has given us, hitherto, Scotch idylls, mythology in verse, rhythmical pictures of Mormonism, violent satires, miscellaneous fiction, plays, and criticism. In the last field he has not been peculiarly fortunate: his pseudonymous onslaught on 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' ended in a way most unfortunate for 'Thomas Maitland.' The criticisms in the present volume range from Æschylus to Whitman, from Lucretius to Ingersoll, from Epictetus to Zola. His analysis of Goethe is vigorous and telling, and so are his attacks on materialism in thought and in life. His bitterest denunciations are reserved for *The Quarterly Review*, *The Saturday Review*, and what he deems prudery; and his most enthusiastic praise is bestowed upon Walt Whitman. In a laudatory notice of Rossetti's work Mr. Buchanan says: 'My own abuse [in 'The Fleshly School of Poetry'] was and is, like all hasty contemporary abuse, nothing.' Mr. Buchanan, as critic, must take

great comfort in a neat *mot* of Whitman's: 'You say I am not consistent with myself; very well, I am not consistent with myself.' But such inconsistencies as one finds in Whitman, say, or in Lowell, do not excuse Mr. Buchanan's floundering. He lacks a fixed or definite purpose; he is intensely biased by personal admiration or revenge, and therefore his look round literature is from his own housetop, and not from any watch-tower of criticism.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S 'General Grant: An Estimate,' which first appeared in the new *Murray's Magazine*, has been reprinted here by Cupples, Upham & Co. The author takes especial pains at the outset, and in the middle, and at the close, to air his opinions of the 'great American people.' The English (he intimates) took little interest in our Civil War, and so far as they did notice it, Lee and not Grant was its hero. Only high genius or high training can save an American from being boastful. It is astounding to find an American boy who is not 'cute' or 'smart.' Americans in the rage for comparison-making beat the world. And he is shocked at the mention of an 'American Literature.' In spite of this superciliousness of tone, so common to Britons when speaking of other nationalities, Mr. Arnold gives a very good outline of Grant's career, based upon the 'Personal Memoirs,' which by merest chance he was induced to read, much to his profit and enlightenment. He confesses his previous ignorant indifference to Grant's merits as a soldier and a man—and he might have added, his utter lack of an intelligent appreciation of the terrible struggle for life in which our nation was engaged for four years. And once he stoops from his lofty perch so far as to admit that in certain traits Grant resembled the Duke of Wellington. Such a concession ought to make amends for much of the disparagement in which our Mentor so freely indulges!

READERS and buyers of books sometimes tire of the multiplication of series, which has characterized the past dozen years. Incomplete sets do not ornament a library; but, on the other hand, one does not care to begin to purchase a series the several volumes of which may vary greatly in merit, and which may extend indefinitely, or suddenly change its binding in the thirty-seventh volume, as did the American reprint of the English Men-of-Letters Series. If all such libraries, however, were as good as the Epochs of Church History, just started under the competent editorship of Prof. Mandell Creighton, there would be small chance for complaint. The first volume to reach us is 'A History of the University of Oxford' (New York: Randolph), by the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton. Dr. Brodrick traces the history of his University in matters of education, politics and religion; he writes clearly, concisely and interestingly; and his impartiality is strikingly shown in his chapter on the Oxford Movement in the Church of England. After reading this chapter, which states all the facts, one is left wholly in doubt as to the author's personal views. If Dr. Creighton (the accomplished editor of *The English Historical Review* and author of 'The History of the Papacy during the Reformation') can give us, in this library, more books as good as the present one, he will deserve sincere congratulation. This little history is neither great nor ambitious, but it is thoroughly useful.

'THE LATEST STUDIES on Indian Reservations,' by the Rev. J. B. Harrison (Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association), is a little pamphlet that will interest all friends of the cause, which ought to mean everybody. The first part is devoted to descriptive notes in regard to more than a dozen reservations visited by the author, who states that no practical theories about Indians in general can be formulated from observations of one tribe. The second part is filled with the comments, suggestions and theories resulting from these observations. The writer is strongly in favor of schools for the Indians on the reservations themselves, although he does not advocate breaking up such Eastern schools as Hampton and Carlisle, which have been invaluable in their example and in the stimulus they give to Eastern sympathy. He writes very strongly against the popular and sentimental theory that Indian boys and girls educated at Hampton and Carlisle should go back to their reservations and consecrate themselves to 'lifting up the tribe.' This beautiful idea, he says, is utterly impracticable: there is nothing the young Indians can really find to do, and the result is their own degradation, without any good accomplished for the tribe. One feature is graphically described: the 'beef issue,' which is regarded as one of the great and interesting events, looked forward to by even the gentlest and most cultured of the resident white young ladies, and even held up to a class of pupils by the teacher as a reward for possible good behavior, but evidently, from the description of it, a brutal and brutalizing spectacle, strongly suggestive of the cruelties of a bull-fight.

CHILDHOOD receives ample attention from our book-makers' Alphabets, primers, easy reading, pictures, stories, rhymes, are showered from lavish hands. Nothing is left undone to make life's morning bright and joyous. But for its evening, for the hour when the lengthening shadows are fast resolving into night, but little provision has been made. Welcome therefore are such works as John Ellerton's 'The Twilight of Life: Words of Counsel and Comfort for the Aged' (Cassell) in which the author sets forth, tenderly and sympathetically, certain considerations upon the trials, deprivations, opportunities and blessings of old age, which can scarcely fail to bring cheer and encouragement to many a neglected and wayworn pilgrim. He shows that the closing years of a well-ordered life are not a mere useless period of idle waiting for the great change, but that they may be crowned with inestimable service to God and man. He does not content himself with the usual eloquent and beautiful generalities upon old age, but enters into practical details, making very clear to every one the large possibilities attainable by all. The admirable tone of his counsels could not be improved upon, and their fitness is manifest. His thoughtful concern for aged eyes has led him to print the book in great primer type—a kindness deserving remark.

'SOME PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY,' by Prof. Archibald Alexander (Scribner), is a volume of brief and suggestive papers on about twenty of the leading questions in philosophy now earnestly debated. Most of them are too short to be more than suggestive in their treatment, and only the last one—that on the doctrine of cause and effect—is in any sense full and thorough in its treatment. In some of these papers the author propounds questions he does not attempt to answer; and in others he simply attempts to bring out some phase of a great problem, which has been too much neglected by others. These discussions are direct in statement and plain in method; and for that reason they are calculated to be of real service to many persons. The book is small and fragmentary in character; but it is earnest and promising in its attitude, and helpful in its modest and sincere aims. It will do the best service any book can do—set the reader to thinking; and all the more so because it does not aim at complete solutions of the problems it discusses.—'AMONG THE LAWMAKERS,' by Edmund Alton (Scribner), describes the experiences of a page in Congress. Many of the chapters originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, but much new matter has been added. The book gives a very good inside view of Congress, its methods and customs, as well as of the humorous side of its daily life. It is a work full of information of an interesting kind, and such as can be had in no other book in a manner so full and so carefully stated. After its perusal one feels that he has been in Congress and been long familiar with its interior life, and that he knows the whole process of law-making. It is a book every boy ought to read, as it is about a boy's experiences; and it is written especially for the edification and amusement of the young. It is amply illustrated, and published in a very attractive manner.

OF WM. O. STODDARD'S 'Lives of the Presidents' (Frederick A. Stokes) three volumes have now appeared, one on Washington, one on Grant, and one on Adams and Jefferson. The author does not claim to have discovered any new facts in connection with these familiar characters, nor is there any flavor of novelty in his rehearsal of the oft-told stories. The external attractiveness of the books, brilliant in scarlet and gold, has little counterpart within, for Mr. Stoddard's narratives lack the glow and warmth that he might have put into them. If they are intended for boys, then he may know in advance that boys will not 'hanker' after them. The telling is too tame and spiritless to awaken any responsive enthusiasm in the lad who has been supplied for years with mental pabulum by such caterers as Harry Castlemon, Horatio Alger, James Otis and—W. O. Stoddard. For Mr. Stoddard's stories are capital, and if he could only infuse into these biographies a little more sprightliness, more vim, more vivid picturing of events, he would make them, as they ought to be, a model series, sought after by young and old.

'MICROSCOPY FOR BEGINNERS' is an excellent little book full of suggestions for those who enjoy investigating the wonders to be found in common objects from ponds and ditches (Harper). It is prepared by Dr. Alfred C. Stokes, and has nearly two hundred illustrations. Though intended for beginners, it is not a kindergarten book for the very youthful. It assumes some educated intelligence, and it leaves much for the 'beginner' to do for himself. As the author well puts it, 'the mother-bird finds and brings the food; but even the youngest nestling opens its own mouth.'—AN INTERESTING little game called 'Literary Salad' has been prepared by Rose Porter and published by the Interstate Publishing Co., Chi-

cago. It consists of 250 quotations, each printed on a neat little card, the game being to tell the author of each. The choice of quotations is good.—'THE UNIVERSAL COOKERY BOOK,' by Gertrude Strohm (Frederick A. Stokes), contains some original recipes but is chiefly a compilation from Marion Harland, Thomas J. Murrey, Miss Parloa, Miss Corson, and other trustworthy authorities. Being thus made up of 'every creature's best,' it can hardly fail to be helpful and desirable. It cannot be said that the literary selections which begin each division of the book are a valuable addition. A cookbook, of all books, should have as little as possible outside matter to add to the bulk, and a paragraph from George Eliot with an allusion to soup in it, or a quotation from Keats, hardly helps the recipe, and retards the attention. Mrs. Whitney, we believe, or at any rate the people in Mrs. Whitney's books, can accomplish wonders in the way of literary work while beating eggs; but for the average cook, we commend undivided attention to the eggs.

Stevenson's "Deacon Brodie."

'DEACON BRODIE,' by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, which was produced in Wallack's Theatre on Thursday afternoon of last week, is one of the best melodramas that have been seen in this city for a long time, and made so excellent an impression that it is almost certain to be heard of again in the near future. It is strange that it should have escaped the attention of those managers who are always on the lookout for plays of this description, particularly those which are English in their origin. It is understood that it has been altered considerably since it was first tried in London, and additional changes will be necessary before it can be made thoroughly effective for theatrical purposes; but these relate only to minor details of arrangement and construction, and can be settled easily by any experienced stage-manager. The scheme of the story is neither new nor exalted, dealing largely with crime of the most vulgar sort. The hero is a carpenter, of uncommon skill, the deacon of his craft in Edinburgh, and the admiration of his family and friends. By day he is a pattern of all the virtues; by night, when he is supposed to be asleep in bed, he is the chief of a gang of desperate housebreakers, whose burglarious achievements have paralyzed the authorities. His evil gains, however, have all been swallowed up in gaming and other secret vices, and he is compelled to steal his sister's dowry to keep up appearances. To replace this money he attempts to rob his sister's betrothed, and is detected in the act. He is offered a chance of reformation, but is unable to break away from his associates, and is finally killed in his own house by a Bow Street runner, who has come to arrest him for the murder of a thief who had turned informer.

This is the merest sketch of the plot; but the true value of the piece is not in the incidents but in the personages concerned in them. These are drawn with a breadth and discrimination most rare in melodrama. The deacon himself, although the most prominent, is by no means the most striking figure. There is a touch of weakness and vacillation about him which is not in harmony with the hardihood of habitual criminality. Compunctions of conscience are unknown to the professional outlaw, and when the deacon becomes sentimental he is unnatural and therefore uninteresting. For the most part he is a straight-out rascal enough, and it is only when a concession is made to popular prejudice that he descends to the commonplace. The ruffianly housebreaker, conceived after the model of Bill Sikes, is a most vigorous and truthful study, in which the natural coarseness is relieved by a sort of rough humor which is extremely effective. The Bow Street runner again is an admirable example of the old thief-taker—a type of police officer now extinct. The introduction of the paralytic old father, dead to everything but the memory of his beloved son, has real pathos in it; and the device of making the old man's death an indirect means of convicting that son of crime, is novel and ingenious. The deacon's sister, too, is a capital sketch, thoroughly fresh and natural. Her spirited opposition to her brother, when he exerts his authority

against her lover, and her devotion to him in his disgrace and ruin, are thoroughly woman-like. But the most charming character is that of the old procurator, whose fussy dignity, simple rectitude (except in the matter of smuggled brandy) and quaint humor are almost worthy of Scott. This part was played exquisitely by Mr. Everill. A swell mobsman, an informer, the deacon's mistress and several subordinate parts are also very lifelike.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to point out a number of scenes such as those between the deacon and the procurator, the deacon and his sister, and the deacon and the ruffianly housebreaker, which have genuine dramatic value, as well as several which are remarkable for theatrical effect. But that is scarcely worth while. The piece is not a great one, but it holds the mirror up to nature, handling an unattractive subject with uncompromising straightforwardness, and presenting live men and women in situations which grow naturally out of their characters. It is always interesting, is written in terse and significant English, leads to a logical catastrophe, and teaches without clap-trap the wholesome moral, that honesty is the best policy. In originality of characterization and literary skill, it is far superior to 'Jim the Penman.'

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the Stage.

THOSE who know the technical difficulties of transforming a novel or a romance into a play, even when all the conditions seem propitious, may well have looked for the failure of any attempt to recast in a satisfactory dramatic form Mr. Stevenson's weird story of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' the effect of which depends so much on analysis, introspections and psychological details, which evade personification and outward demonstration. One could see a few tempting possibilities in Dr. Jekyll, but these were only available as suggestions, and beyond them there was neither the variety of ready-made incidents nor of characters for which the playwright looks when he lays hands upon a work of fiction. Much credit, therefore, is due to Mr. T. R. Sullivan for his dramatization of the story, which was seen for the first time at the Boston Museum on Monday night, with Mr. Richard Mansfield in the double part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He has not made a drama for which any lasting popularity can be predicted, but where a fiasco seemed inevitable, his deft theatrical workmanship has resulted in a play of deep interest to all who are familiar with the original story, a knowledge of which must be presupposed in the audience, though he has pieced it out with inventions of his own, enlarging some of the minor characters and introducing others entirely new, in order to give lucidity and coherence to the main idea of Stevenson's work.

There are four acts and ten characters. In the opening scene we are introduced to the house of Sir Danvers Carew, for the hand of whose daughter Dr. Jekyll appears as a suitor—a welcome and honored one, received with distinction on his own account and also on account of the brilliance of his position in his profession. But as Mr. Mansfield interprets the part it is not the Jekyll of Stevenson—not a 'large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty,' such as the story portrays; it is a lachrymal, long-visaged, strutting young gentleman, apparently not more than twenty-five, clean-shaven, raven-haired, sombre as Hamlet—a cross between Eugene Aram and Edgar Allen Poe—who dresses in black diagonals, loops his arms in front of him and moves by a series of Irvingesque dislocations: a colporteur, a college tutor, an elocutionist, a tragedian out of employment—anything but the substantial, prosperous Dr. Jekyll we were first acquainted with. There is a specific object in this deviation from the original, as we see later, when, after a tender passage with his betrothed, Jekyll leaves the scene and Hyde enters. The transformation is effected without padding, without wigs or beards, without any conspicuous change of costume; but it is complete and marvellous, as

clever as anything that has been seen on the stage for a long time: the slender, well-proportioned, poetic Jekyll has shrunk into the incarnation of all malevolence, with a hideousness of mien which strikes the beholder with an icy chill: a demon gloating over his own wickedness, and capable of illimitable evil. The intrusion is resented by Sir Danvers, who after a few words is left strangled in his own drawing-room, as Hyde creeps away chuckling over his crime. In the succeeding scenes we are taken into Hyde's lodgings, to the mysterious door in the windowless house, and into a hall in Dr. Jekyll's mansion. Here the second act closes with an interview between Jekyll and Agnes Carew, in which the Doctor swoons, fearing that she had detected his identity with Hyde. The whole of the third act passes in Dr. Lanyon's office, whither Hyde comes in search of the precious drug that was necessary for his reintegration to his better self; and there, 'in full view of the audience,' as the programmes of the conjurers say, the mystic potion is swallowed—and behold! it is not Hyde that is before us, but Jekyll, with his long, sorrowful face and amiably appealing manner. The last scene of all is in Jekyll's cabinet. He no longer has the power of conversation, and his evil has grown into proportions which he cannot control. Death is upon him; and just before Agnes enters, he relapses into Hyde and dies, conquered by his own Frankenstein.

The minor characters are but explanatory, and all the interest of the play centres, of course, in Mr. Mansfield. His impersonation is a memorable one, much stronger in the part of Hyde than in that of Jekyll, though intelligent and vivid throughout; and Mr. Sullivan has shown such excellent stagecraft in his adaptation, that one hopes he may soon give us some entirely original work in that difficult department of literature for which he has unquestionable gifts.

BOSTON, May 11, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

To Emma Lazarus.

On reading 'By the Waters of Babylon,' in the *March Century*.

IN DEAD, dull days I heard a ringing cry
Borne on the carless winds—a nation's pain,
A woman's sorrow in a poet's strain
Of noblest lamentation. Clear and high
It rang above our lowlands to a sky
Of purest psalmody, till hearts are fain
To say: 'In this sweet singer once again
The powers of prophet and of psalmist lie.'
Rachel of Judah! ever mournful, sad
Must be the heart which thy lamenting hears;
Singer of Israel! ever proud and glad
We hail a nation's hope that thus appears;
Sad mourners by the waters! ye have had
A poet's sweetest solace for your tears.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

The Lounger

DR. TALMAGE is 'down' on bad literature. So are we all; but the Tabernacle pastor is more vehement in his expression of his likes and dislikes than most of us. He is quoted as saying, among other things:—'Standing as we do chin deep in fictitious literature, shall we read novels?' (I should think it would be hard not to, if we keep our eyes open.) 'I say that there are some good novels which are profitable reading but at the same time I say that 99 per cent. of novels are bad and unwholesome. Pure fiction is history and poetry combined. We can never repay the debt we owe to Hawthorne, Cooper, Mrs. Edgeworth, Thackeray and Dickens.' Dr. Talmage is right. We might have been able to repay them if we had thought of it while they were living, but it's too late now. All we can do to-day is to pay their successors. There are some excellent fiction-writers still with us; but we don't seem anxious to pay, or repay, them any more than we have to. Those that were born in this country get something for their work; but how about those who were born abroad, whose books are reprinted here by

the thousands and tens of thousands, but whom a timid Congress, backed by an apathetic or immoral public opinion, permits us to rob systematically under cover of the law?

BUFFALO BILL and the Wild West are a 'hit' in London. Our English cousins, with that squeamish avoidance of slang which characterizes all their speech, have christened the show 'The Yankeries.' The press has visited the grounds, and interviewed the leading actors in the drama of border life there enacted daily by whites, reds and Mexicans; and newspaper readers have been duly enlightened on a thousand points of interest in connection with the exhibition. *The Saturday Review*, always first to give correct and unbiassed information concerning things American, describes Buffalo Bill as a Government scout and guide, who participated with credit 'in the terrible conflicts which endured from 1863 to 1867.' We take this as a reference to the Civil War (1861-65). As this began when the editor of *The Saturday* was eleven and ended when he was fifteen, the slip is pardonable.

The St. James's Gazette assumes on the part of the English public a degree of familiarity with the career of Buffalo Bill which is probably unwarranted by the facts. 'Everybody knows that the proper name of this gentleman is the Honourable W. F. Cody, member of the United States Congress for the State of Nebraska. Why he prefers to be called Buffalo Bill instead of a member of the American Parliament may not be so great a mystery after last Friday's proceedings in the House of Commons.' Now 'everybody knows' nothing of the sort. In the first place, 'Honorable' (even when spelt with a *u*) is not a name, but a title. In the second place, Members of Congress do not represent States but Congressional Districts. In the third place, Mr. Cody is not a Member of 'the American Parliament' at all.

ANOTHER thing which everybody didn't know till *The St. James's Gazette* repeated the fact is that 'a lady is now being paid 5*l.* a night for whistling in New York drawing-rooms.' 'There is more to marvel at in this than meets the eye,' says the writer. 'Any country yokel can whistle to himself, but to whistle before a company is another matter.' A well-known English actor, who is a famous whistler, once conceived the idea of teaching the accomplishment. He soon formed a class, and found no difficulty in explaining to his pupils the theory of whistling. But they could never get beyond the theory. When he said "Prepare to pucker!" (or whatever the phrase was), his pupils found they could not do it. He tried to show them the way, and found that he could not do it either. So the class had to be disbanded. This was a misfortune, for skilful whistling is an accomplishment not to be sneezed at. I am told by persons who have heard him in private, that Wilhelmj can whistle with as much accuracy and brilliancy as he can play the violin. When his bow-arm fails him, he can come back to New York and still make \$25 a night.

WHAT is there about chopping trees that makes it so fascinating a pastime to public men? There is no more familiar figure in modern American history than that of Horace Greeley chopping down trees in the woods of Chappaqua. In England 'the Grand Old Man' Gladstone finds his chief amusement swinging the keen-bladed axe; and going further back, we have honest George Washington hacking with his little hatchet at the bark of a cherry-tree. Perhaps it was the example of Washington that inspired Greeley and Gladstone. One reason, I suppose, why men with a weight of cares on their backs like to fell trees, is that they get exercise and at the same time cannot think of anything but the work in hand. Who ever heard of Greeley writing an editorial or Gladstone framing an address while swinging his axe? They couldn't do it. They must think of the sharp instrument they are wielding, or they will deal themselves a blow that will end their thinking altogether. Let the scoffer scoff! These brain-weary gentlemen know what they are about; and I venture to say that the only real waking rest they enjoy is when they are making the chips fly from a stubborn bole.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, the poet, is not blind, as has been frequently stated. Her eyes, as noted in last week's *CRITIC*, have been strained with much reading and writing, so she uses them as little as possible. She gets some one to read aloud to her, and uses the type-writer instead of the pen. It is about thirty years since Mrs. Preston published her first volume. Ten years later she published 'Beechwood: A Rhyme of the War,' which was written during the evenings of one week. Her 'Old Songs and New' appeared in 1870 and was highly praised by *The Saturday Review*, which said that many of her classical themes would never have appeared if she had not previously made the acquaintance of

Mr. Lowell's 'Rhœcus' and Lytton's 'Tales of Miletus,' which however, they stood but little below. As it happened, Mrs. Preston had never seen either 'Rhœcus' or the 'Tales.' The little poem 'Sandringham,' which Mrs. Preston wrote on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from a dangerous illness several years ago, was read by Mr. Gladstone on the floor of the House of Commons, and was complimented by the Princess of Wales in a flattering note to the English publishers.

SOME time ago I ventured to predict in this column that if an American publisher would get out a good library edition of Browning, it would meet with success. My prediction has come true. At that time the only American edition was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., but it was printed from battered plates, and was not what an edition of Browning should be by a great deal. Perhaps these enterprising publishers read my paragraph; at any rate they went to work and have now published four volumes of an edition of Browning worthy the poet's name.

Some Autographs and Their Prices.

MR. T. B. ALDRICH has bought Hawthorne's letter referring to the dedication of 'Our Old Home' to ex-President Pierce, which was printed in these columns, two weeks ago. It cost him \$80. At the same sale he got an autograph copy of Leigh Hunt's 'Abou Ben Adhem,' the price of which, according to the *Tribune*, was \$96.

Mr. Wm. E. Benjamin's new catalogue of autograph letters and other manuscripts shows a surprising appreciation in the value of Hawthorne's handwriting. The chapter entitled 'A London Suburb,' from 'Our Old Home,' neatly bound in flexible covers, which appeared in last year's catalogue, containing the James R. Osgood collection, was sold then for \$90. Not long ago Mr. Benjamin bought it back at the same price, and it now reappears in the present catalogue with the figures \$125 opposite it, at which price the owner finds no difficulty in disposing of it. If he chose to sell the manuscript sheet by sheet (there are sixteen sheets in all), he is confident he could get \$25 a-piece for them. Among the higher-priced treasures are three of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, whose publication, with others, in book-form, a few years ago, was generally resented as a gross violation of the sanctities of private life. It was infamous that they should ever have been given to the public to read: it is hardly less so that the manuscripts themselves should be offered for sale. The three included in this collection are held at \$75, \$125 and \$150 respectively. Four other letters from the same series are in the possession of Dodd, Mead & Co., who hold them at still higher prices—\$125, \$140, \$185 and \$250. In the catalogue of the latter firm, the text of two of the four letters is printed in full, with the following foot-note: 'Since the outrage has been perpetrated of printing these letters in book form, there can be no objection to offering the originals for sale.'

A novel feature of the Benjamin catalogue is a collection of Persian writings brought to this country by the Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, late Minister to Persia. One of the 'lots' is a volume containing forty specimens of the various styles of writing of the past four hundred years. It is a handsomely bound volume, from the library of the late Prime Minister Sadr Azem. The next 'lot' is a couple of bits of ancient Persian or Cufic writing, upwards of a thousand years old. These, and other specimens of more recent date, are guaranteed by the signature of their late owner, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. Wordsworth's letter excusing himself from writing a poem for the celebration of the 300th anniversary of Shakspeare's deathday, April 23, 1816, is catalogued at \$22.50; one of Washington's (1793) at \$50; one of Victoria's (1846) at \$6.50, and eight pages of Voltaire's 'Du Theisme' at \$35. Stedman's 'Cavalry Song' is offered for \$6, and Bayard Taylor's 'The Nava,' endorsed by James T. Fields, for \$15. From Taylor, too, there is a \$2 letter saying, 'Of course I am strongly in favor of international copyright, and will sign any number of petitions.' Ruskin to his engraver is 'held' at \$6.50, a poem of Tom Moore's at \$10, and one of George P. Morris's at \$4. A letter of Lorenzo de Medici's (1491) is rated with Washington's at \$50. Lincoln (an official memorandum) is thought to be fairly prized at \$8. Lamb (a tattered letter neatly repaired) at \$9, and Dr. Johnson (two letters) at \$37.50 and \$40. While Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence and inoculated mankind against regal tyranny, is put at \$10, Dr. Jenner, who proclaimed the virtues of inoculation against smallpox, is estimated at \$12.50. That a King *de facto* is worth \$2 more than a King *de jure*, or at least *in esse*, is shown by the prices asked for the autographs of James I. (\$18) and the first Pretender (\$16). Leigh Hunt doesn't 'rule high' (90 cts. to \$4.50); but Hume the historian does, \$30 being asked for a two-page letter of his, dated 1773. Lady Hamilton's relations with

Lord Nelson are supposed to make a letter bearing her signature cheap at \$24—twice as much as one of Warren Hastings' would cost, and very nearly as much again as a two-page manuscript of Gray's (\$12.50). Franklin to Benjamin West is a \$40 letter; but \$25 would secure a document signed by the Ferdinand whose name is usually coupled with Isabella's and Columbus's, and \$10 a similar autograph of Queen Anne's. Cowper is a \$19 name and Coleridge a \$20, Bossuet a \$17.50 and Bolingbroke a \$21. Passing by Robert Browning (\$4.50) and the Prince of Wales's undated request for a lady's photograph (\$12.50), we reach the beginning of the alphabet, and the familiar name of Joseph Addison, whose \$90 letter in the Osgood collection is now offered for \$60. But we have noted only a few of the 533 entries between this and the last letter in the catalogue—which any admirer of Zola's can get for \$6.50.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

THE Athletic Club held its first art exhibition in connection with the ladies' reception last Saturday. The art committee consisted of Otto Sarony, Edwin C. Ray, Jr., and Thomas B. Clarke. The exhibition, which was of excellent quality, was composed of 50 pictures by American artists. Several of them had never been seen publicly. One of these was the fine Winslow Homer, 'Eight Bells,' recently purchased by Mr. Clarke, which shows two sailors on the deck of a vessel in a stormy sea, with overcast sky. The effect of noonday light and sea-atmosphere is very good. Other new pictures were landscapes by C. H. Davis, A. H. Wyant and H. P. Smith. A small oil sketch by Edwin A. Abbey—a girl on the seashore—was of interest as illustrating the development of this clever artist. Noteworthy figure-subjects were R. Creifelds's 'Old Opponents,' Siddons Mowbray's 'Aladdin,' Hovenden's 'Mending His Ways,' Francis C. Jones's 'Won't Play,' two works by Louis Moeller, H. W. Watrous's beautiful little rococo figure of a man, called 'Day Dreams,' and Percy Moran's 'Old-Time Melody.' Thomas Le Clear's portrait of the late William R. Travers occupied the place of honor.

—Augustus St. Gaudens, F. D. Millet and J. Alden Weir are the American committee for the collection of funds to assist in the erection of the monument to Bastien Lepage, at Damvilliers, France.

—The Seward Webb prize of \$300 for the best landscape shown at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists by a man under forty, has been given to J. Francis Murphy for his large landscape, 'Brook and Fields.' His chief rivals were Kenyon Cox and Emil Carlsen. The exhibition is open free on Sundays, and the attendance is large.

—Emil Carlsen has been appointed Superintendent of the Art School at San Francisco in place of Virgil Williams.

—An exhibition of works by J. F. Millet is open in London to aid the fund for his statue at Cherbourg. The collection of M. Ch. Tillot, Millet's executor, announced for sale in Paris on May 14, includes pastels and a painting by Millet and watercolors by Rousseau.

—Recent sales at the Academy of Design are 'Sheep Pastures,' by W. T. Richards, \$800; 'The Dinner Call,' by H. G. Thomson, \$240; and 'After the Party,' by G. Wright, \$300. The sales to date have reached about \$30,000. At the Prize Fund Exhibition they amount to \$12,000.

—The Durand-Ruel collection of 126 paintings was sold May 5 and 6 at Moore's gallery for \$39,894. John Lewis Brown's 'The Attack' and V. P. Hugué's 'The Gate of a Mosque' were withdrawn for want of adequate bids. Hugué's 'Hawking' brought \$2,000 and his 'Windy Weather' \$1,400; Claude Monet's 'Landscape, Giverny,' \$1,400, 'Cliffs near Dieppe,' \$1,350, and 'Vernon,' \$1,250. V. S. Gilbert's 'Vegetable Market' brought \$2,400.

—An excellent collection of American *genres* and landscapes was shown at the Ortgies gallery previous to sale on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Most of the strongest younger painters were represented, as well as some of the older ones. Early works by men who have attained celebrity added to the interest of the exhibition. A carefully studied and realistically treated subject by A. H. Thayer and heads by Brush and Ulrich belong to this class.

—Mr. J. H. Beard has just completed a life-size portrait of Wm. T. Sherman, in which the General is shown in uniform, seated in a large chair beside a table on which are two volumes, 'Georgia: Maps and Charts' and 'Jomini: Art de Guerre'—a work of which Gen. Sherman is a great admirer.

—The catalogue of the Rembrandt exhibition now open at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts contains a very interesting account by

Mr. S. R. Koehler of the different catalogues and works on Rembrandt's etchings. The author characterizes his pamphlet as a 'complete short catalogue of the etched work of Rembrandt.' It shows all the thoroughness and research peculiar to Mr. Koehler's compilations, and adds one more to the list of valuable art books which he has either written or edited.

—The May *Art Amateur* gives a colored plate of a Norman peasant fac-similed after a portrait study in oils by Stephen Hills Parker. Other full-page designs in the Supplement are a 'Head' for decoration, by Miss Ellen Welby, and 'Marsh Marigolds,' by Kappa. The frontispiece is of a charming crayon study of a child and dog, by Elizabeth Strong, from her picture in this year's Salon. 'Montezuma' discourses of the recent gifts to the Metropolitan Museum. There is an illustrated article on the Salon, appearing here far in advance of the French publications. There is a fine pen-and-ink study of lilacs, by Victor Dango; a double-page crayon, 'At the Capstan,' by Henry Bacon; and an illustrated article on 'Old Books and New,' having special reference to the collection of Mr. Brayton Ives, recently shown at the Grolier Club.

"The Blue and the Gray."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A paragraph quoted from the Buffalo *Courier* in your issue of April 30 appeared to charge THE CRITIC with misstatement in ascribing the authorship of the long narrative poem, 'Onnalinda,' to Mr. J. H. McNaughton. I say appeared, because the *Courier* paragraph was ambiguous. The writer meant to say, without doubt, that Mr. McNaughton, the author of 'Onnalinda,' is not the author of a poem entitled 'The Blue and the Gray,' and that Judge Francis M. Finch, of the Court of Appeals, is the author of 'The Blue and the Gray.' This is not the first time that 'The Blue and the Gray' has given rise to dispute; and it may be worth while, therefore, to state the facts definitely. In the spring of 1866, Mr. McNaughton wrote a song which he called 'The Blue and the Gray,' a title which he took pains to copyright. This song was set to music and became popular. In the Memphis *Daily Bulletin* of March 14, 1867 (then edited by 'piratical' Raphael Semmes), I find a quotation from it, beginning:

Now calmly they rest from the march and the fray,
They sleep side by side, both the blue and the gray.

In September, 1867, a spirited poem with the same title, 'The Blue and the Gray,' by Francis M. Finch, was published in *The Atlantic*. This also acquired popularity and has now a permanent place in the anthologies. The two poems, with a single title, were frequently confounded, and, in self-defense, Mr. McNaughton prepared to bring suit against Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for infringement of copyright. In a letter to Mr. McNaughton, the publishers of *The Atlantic* declared that the two poems resembled one another only 'in title and general idea.' The outcome of the controversy was friendly; but it should be remembered, in fairness to Mr. McNaughton, that his 'Blue and the Gray' was printed first.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1887.

G. E. M.

Bookishness and Literature.

[The Spectator.]

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in his panegyric on the pleasures of reading to the Wimbledonians the other day, guarded himself against its being supposed that he wished the English people to become mere bookworms, adding:—"Of that, indeed, I think there is not much fear. Englishmen happily combine with the love of literature, a keen and healthy delight in fresh air and field sports." Well, on that we should remark that we doubt if there ever was a people less imbued with a general love of literature than the English; and that, so far from that fact being at all unfavorable to the character of English literature, it is, we suspect, the very reason why our literature is as great as it is. A bookish people do not make great books. The Germans are, we suppose, the most bookish people in the world; and though they make magnificent encyclopædias, the most learned of disquisitions, and scientific treatises beyond all praise; though they edit classics as few but German scholars ever edited them; though they master the principles of comparative grammar, and exhaust the views which can be taken on the philosophy of history, and treat 'the categories' of all things nameable with a thoroughness that both bewilders and enraptures less masterly logicians; though their dry prolegomena to drier studies enlarge our conceptions of the range of human industry, and their revisions, which they characteristically term 'belavourings' (*Bearbeitungen*), of former works betray not only their extraordinary fidelity of diligence, but their immense humility; yet when all is said that you can say of the vast merits of this literary people, you certainly cannot say that they have a literature to compare with the English. And the rea-

son is, as we believe, simply this,—that a bookish people cannot produce the greatest books, if we mean by the greatest books something more than monuments of investigation or learning,—namely, living powers, powers that stir the heart, books whose words have, as Luther, the most unbookish of men, called it, 'hands and feet' that can bring us in their living grasp. That is where Homer beats even the tragedians of the great Athenian age: he was not bookish, but for that very reason wrote a book that had the life of the whole world in it; while Euripides, Sophocles, and possibly even Æschylus were in a sense bookish, and make you feel that the life they dealt with was, as it were, the distilled water of life, not the water of life as it bubbled up from the fresh earth. So Virgil and Horace were in the highest sense literary men; they saw life as reflected in a polished surface, not in its primitive vigor and simplicity. And yet it is certain that in proportion as the modifying process goes on by which life becomes subdued to the literary type and manner, in that proportion we lose that special charm of freshness which constitutes the chief difference between the books of bookish men and the books of out-of-doors people who are not bookish at all. Consider only the greatest English writers. One of the greatest, Milton, was perhaps in the main a bookish man, a man who had lived on books, and whose imagination was schooled even more by books than by actual contact with life. But where would Milton stand beside Shakspeare, who is the most unbookish man who ever wrote great books,—whose greatest charm was but very inadequately described even in Milton's own beautiful phrase, when he contrasted 'Johnson's learned sock' with the delights to be experienced when

sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native woodnotes wild?

That Shakspeare must have concerned himself more or less with books, no one doubts, or he could not have accumulated the material he did. But his great charm consists in his power to make us believe that we are in direct contact with human life, with the clowns, the rustics, the men-at-arms, the travelling players, the courtiers, the lovers, the ambitious statesmen, the more ambitious women, the dreamers of dreams, the plotters of revenge, the dull burgesses, the stately nobles, and the shrewd fools, who move about in that majestic imagination with as much ease and sureness as if they trod the solid earth itself. If ever there were a writer who could not have been what he was, if he had been in the main a bookish man, it was Shakspeare, and yet there is hardly even a French or German, or an Italian or a Spanish writer of any worth who will not put Shakspeare far above the great authors of his own country. And who comes next to Shakspeare in our literature? Probably either Chaucer or Scott, and whether you put Chaucer above Scott, or, as the present writer would do, Scott above Chaucer, again you have that very same distinguishing note, that the freshness of the contact with life is precisely of the kind which indicates a man who was not bookish, and could write great books just because he was not bookish. We are not, of course, denying that there are great levels in literature which are appropriate to men of the literary type. Sophocles was in some sense such a writer, and, as we said, Virgil and Horace. Bacon, again, was a man of the desk. One of the most amazing of the mad criticisms of the world, is the criticism which professes to find in Shakspeare's plays, hints of Bacon's genius. Just conceive those stately bookish essays proceeding from the voice which 'warbled his native woodnotes wild!' Conceive Shakspeare beginning a work with the equivalent of the sentence, 'Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit!' Ben Jonson, again, was a poet of the desk. And still more was Pope, and even Dryden. But then, as men of literature, all these belong to the writers who do not touch the hearts of common Englishmen. If you come, even in the Eighteenth Century, on a book that is eagerly read by the unbookish world, like Burns's songs, you may be sure that its popularity is due to that savour of the 'clods fresh-cloven by the plough' which distinguishes it from the works of men of letters. Or go to prose, 'Robinson Crusoe' is read by unbookish men with a wonderful eagerness. And is it not because De Foe had so strange a power of giving to his earthy imaginations the very impress of real clay? Or come to our own day. What is the book which in our own times has probably appealed to the hearts of the largest number of human beings who find reading as a rule hard work? Perhaps 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a book of fresh out-of-doors genius if ever there were one; or perhaps 'Oliver Twist,' or 'Nicholas Nickleby,' or some other production of that strange genius which was always bringing the microscope of the human naturalist and the quaintly distorting lens of the humorist to bear upon the minutest fragments of city life, and then was always interpolating among the inimitable effects so produced, patches of screamly melodrama or excruciating pathos. Still, it is the contact with real external fact, the unbookishness of Dickens, that gives him almost all his vast popularity.

And may we not say the same of those writers who have here and there carried the British world by storm with some masterly book of travels or some vivid ballad of human suffering? What, for instance, is the great charm of 'Eothen,' the most delightful of all books of Eastern travel, except that it contains in it a flash of unbookish, buoyant life, as different as possible from the elaborate art of the historian of the Crimean War? Why were Kingsley's 'Sands of Dee' and his fishermen's and poachers' ballads so fascinating to those who never read, except that there was the same breath of out-of-doors life, of direct sympathy with unbookish woes, in all of them? Why does 'Tom Brown's School-days' rivet boys as it does, except because it conveys in a book the strong impulses of a fresh, unbookish mind? Why, again, have Stevenson and Rider Haggard fascinated the modern world of boys and men alike as few authors since the author of 'Robinson Crusoe' ever fascinated them, except that neither of these men rise to their best until they are breathing the free air of wild and daring enterprise? We believe most profoundly that it takes a nation which is not bookish in its habits to produce the greatest and most living books. Only a descendant of the wild Borderers, with more Borderers' than authors' blood in his veins, could have achieved the great successes in making Scotland what she now is to us, which have placed Scott perhaps second in the long roll of British literature. Only the profoundly vernacular sympathies of the great Dorsetshire writers, Barnes and Hardy, could have given to these two singularly unbookish writers the power which they have certainly achieved of charming unbookish men with their books. Indeed, we believe we might say that though there will always be a field for highly cultivated genius,—for instance for a students' poet, like Milton, or Herbert, or Henry Vaughan, or Wordsworth (who had, however, in him a streak of the hardy shepherd and mountaineer), or Coleridge, or Keats, or Tennyson, or Matthew Arnold,—the men who will make the great popular books of the world, the books which dominate the unbookish, will always be fed chiefly on first-hand experience of men and things, and only by accident, as it were, on literary studies.

Current Criticism

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR ABROAD.—There could hardly have been a more exhaustive proof of this local limitation or *chauvinisme* than I myself noticed at a London dinner party, some nine years ago. Our host was an Oxford professor and the company was an eminent one. Being hard pressed about American literature, I had said incidentally that a great deal of intellectual activity in America was occupied, and rightly, by the elucidation of our own history—a thing, I added, which inspired almost no interest in England. This fact being disputed, I said, 'Let us take a test case. We have in America an historian greater than Motley, in labors, in originality of treatment, and in style. If he had, like Motley, gone abroad for a subject, his European fame would have equalled Motley's. As it is, probably not a person present except our host will recognize his name.' When I mentioned Francis Parkman the prediction was fulfilled. All, save the host—a man better acquainted with the United States, perhaps, than any living Englishman,—confessed utter ignorance; an ignorance shared, it seems, by the only English historian of American literature, Professor Nichol, who actually does not mention Parkman. It seems to me that we had better, in view of such facts, dismiss the theory that a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.—*Col. Higginson, in The Independent.*

A MAN WHO NEVER JOKES.—After Mr. Gladstone, and possibly Lord Randolph Churchill, the most remarkable figure in the House of Commons is Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish party. It is very odd, but it can hardly be regarded as a mere coincidence, that each of the parties has as its popular leader a man who reminds us of the general characteristics of the party which he leads by contrariety rather than by identity. The leader of the English democracy—a democracy straightforward and slow of speech—is Mr. Gladstone, one of the most garrulous and wily of men. The leader of the English Conservatives, the party of stolidity and of caution, is Lord Randolph Churchill, a political Flibbertygibbet, whose mind is as nimble as a lively mouse in a windy barn, and who is one of the most reckless of political gamblers. And the leader of the Irish people—a race famed for jovial wit, passionate oratory, reckless abandon, and a more than regal generosity—is Mr. Parnell, a man who never made a joke in his life, a cold, unimpassioned calculator, who holds himself in reserve even with his intimates, and whose oratory has never been relieved by a single burst of passionate fervor. Mr. Gladstone's position is an illustration of the power of unreserve. Mr. Parnell's is due more than anything else to the force of restraint. It would seem as if nations,

like women, sought as masters those who possessed the qualities of which they felt the lack in their own characters. Hence the emotional Celt has chosen Mr. Parnell, who never 'lets himself go' even in private life, and the reserved and self-restrained Englishman selects as his chief one who, if not exactly 'all fire and fickleness,' is nevertheless the Rousseau of politics in being the creature of impulse and of rhetoric.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

MR. LOWELL'S NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.—Mr. Lowell's study of Fielding, though not containing anything remarkably new, will nevertheless attract all lovers of the first great novelist. The estimate of Fielding as a man is just and reasonable, and marked, like all Mr. Lowell's writing, by a genuine feeling for what is honourable and manly. There is in the address one curious instance of the missing of a telling allusion. As a rule, there is no such lack in these pages. All literatures and all ages are ransacked for a happy quotation or an appropriate illustration. *Apropos* of Fielding's humour, Mr. Lowell discusses the old problem whether in the same mind can be found the qualities of both tragedy and comedy; whether, as he puts it, Shakspeare is not 'the only man in whom the rarest poetic power has worked side by side at the same bench with humour, and has not been more or less disenchanted by it.' One naturally expects some reference to the occasion when the never-settled point was first raised in Athens, and to the famous scene when the recorder of the Symposium, as 'he was awakened towards daylight,' saw that Socrates was still talking, 'drinking out of a large goblet,' and 'insisting that the genius of comedy was the same as that of tragedy.' Yet by some chance it is not there.—*The Spectator.*

MORE SOUTHERN THAN THE SOUTHERNERS.—A review of Mr. Greg's book is necessarily almost wholly devoted to the quarrel between North and South which ended in the Civil War. In his pages it overpowers everything else. The whole history of America is not in this dispute; but whatever does not belong to it, directly or indirectly, interests him very little. He looks on his whole subject as a controversialist, and writes upon it like one—with a thorough understanding of his own position, with knowledge of the facts, and in a style which, if it is far too journalistic and vituperative, is at least slashing. If he inspires you with an intense desire to say No and to argue the point, at least you cannot go to sleep over his pages—and that is much. Further, Mr. Greg's History has one quality which few have. It is, in its way, an historical fact. Few, we imagine, can nowadays feel on these questions as he does; though there are many who, on the whole, sympathize with the South, admire the Southern generals, and wish the Confederacy had succeeded. Still, these are languid preferences now. They were, however, vigorous enough twenty years ago, and Mr. Greg has kept them undimmed. He is even now more Southern than the present generation of Southerners; and, going back on the old fight, he has produced a book which will be a standing proof of the passionate interest once felt by able Englishmen with a love of politics in the great American Civil War.—*The Saturday Review.*

The Magazines.

Les Lettres et les Arts for April is fairly peopled with portraits of pretty women, done in the best style of photogravure artistically worked up with the point. The process gives an appearance of reality even more decided than that of the best ordinary photograph, at the same time that the mechanical appearance of a photograph is avoided. Some of the prettiest of these portraits, evidently not at all idealized, are used as illustrations to M. François Coppée's story 'Mariages Manqués.' They are a brunette in black and a young and aristocratic-looking blonde of German type in a simple but elegant house costume. Ten to one, many of the readers of the magazine know the originals of the paintings by M. Lucien Doucet. A piece of music, 'O Filii!' by Henri Daller, is accompanied by an excellent reproduction of a crayon-drawing by Henri Levy of the Entombment. 'Souvenirs D'un Dragon de l'Armée de Crimée' is illustrated with many drawings in pen-and-ink and wash by Dupray. Jacques Normand's poem 'Le Roman de la Marquise' has furnished several good subjects for the pencil of M. Lynch; and the second instalment of 'Mademoiselle de Bardelys' is abundantly illustrated with reproductions of spirited water-colors, and crayon and ink sketches by Marchetti. An article on Julien Viard, better known as Pierre Loti, has several of his drawings of sailors and savages; and Pierre D'Igny's 'Portraits de Femmes' has some more pictures of Parisiennes after paintings by Doucet, Wencker, Carolus Duran and Jules Stewart. The other numbers of this splendid review for the present year show an equal quality of contents. We will merely mention Henri Bouchot's 'Marie Antoinette et Ses Peintres' and Ary Renan's 'Les Torrents du Haut Liban.'

as among the most interesting articles of the January number. The February number contains 'Les Dernières Années de Georges Sand,' by E. Card, of the Académie Française, and 'Les Habitants de la Hongrie, Anciens et Modernes,' by Dr. S. Pozzi. The number for March presents the music of a 'Pantomime' by Victoria Joncières; the first part of 'Mademoiselle de Bardelys,' with illustrations in colors; and a study of Erasmus, by Jules Zeller, of the Institute. *Les Lettres et les Arts* is issued in New York, by Charles Scribner's Sons, simultaneously with its appearance in Paris.

Judge Bennett opens *The Forum* with an article on 'Marriage Laws,' in which he combats the idea that the number of divorces is due to the lax and easy divorce laws. He reverses the generally accepted idea of the cause and the effect, and believes that remedy lies in making marriage, not divorce, more difficult. President Francis A. Walker writes of Socialists from the high plane that 'not in servile apprehension of Socialist revolt, but because it is our duty to our kind,' we are to invoke 'every economic and social force that can be called into action, to better the condition of that disregarded mass of labor which lies lowest down in the industrial scale, and from whose sufferings come most of the evils which afflict the state, most of the dangers which threaten our civilization.' Andrew D. White advocates 'College Fraternities'; Prof. Sumner talks very plainly about 'The Indians of 1887'; James Q. Howard writes strongly, in 'Dining-room Mendicancy,' against the 'tipping' of servants; and Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, in 'The Attitude of Russia,' makes the startling assertion that the emancipation of Russian serfs was not an act of magnanimity, but the result of foresight determined to make room for an educated soldiery. One of the most interesting papers is that on 'Our Religious Instincts,' by Prof. James Bixby, who makes the plea that instinct alone is enough to warrant our belief in God and immortality.

'A Starvation Reconnaissance,' by Alfred F. Sears, opens *The Overland* with a vivid sketch of an exciting situation in which gathering oysters from trees is only one of many thrilling incidents. The mineral wealth of Southern California is discussed at length by Henry De Groot. Gen. Howard begins a series of papers on the Indian Wars; and Irving M. Scott, in discussing 'The Mission of the Knights of Labor,' comes to the rather vague conclusion that part of the mission aims at good results and part tends to delay the solution of the labor problem. S. N. Sheridan, Jr., describes the artificial harbor in course of construction at La Ballona. 'The Stranger's Story,' by Wm. J. Shoup, is one of the tales that tack on a sudden revolutionary conclusion to a story that promises at the beginning to be of the pathetic Bret Harte type. J. V. Cheney's poem of 'Young Taloung' is the result of an interesting attempt to write something about Barnum's white elephant which should not be ridiculous.

One should take *The English Illustrated* if only to have a complete set of Hugh Thomson's drawings. Those for May illustrate John Gay's 'Journey to Exeter,' and are inimitably good. A striking picture of 'The Close of Day' forms the frontispiece. The leading descriptive article is one by H. W. Brewer on 'Some London Citizens and Their Monuments,' elaborately illustrated. Clementina Black's story begins and Farjeon's is continued; while the amiable author of 'John Halifax' is still leisurely wending her way through 'An Unknown Country.'

Notes

MR. MABIE'S Life of Mrs. Jackson—the 'authorized' biography—is still in hand, but will not be finished till after the author has visited the scenes described by Mr. Warner in his paper on 'H. H.' in Southern California, in this week's CRITIC. This he will probably do in August. Mr. Mabie has made a careful study of Browning during the past winter, the results of which, embodied in a lecture, will be presented to the students at Williams and Wellesley Colleges this month, and to the readers of *The Andover Review* in June.

Funk & Wagnalls will publish at once 'Saratoga Chips and Carlsbad Wafers: The Pursuit of Happiness and Health at the Two Great Mineral Water Resorts of America and Europe,' by Nathan Sheppard. The book will be profusely illustrated and the subject will be treated in the style of the author's 'Shut Up in Paris.'

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Rollins's 'Three Tetons' in the May *Harper's* was merely an abridgment of a longer sketch of the Yellowstone, which will probably appear a little later in book form.

The June number of *Scribner's Magazine* will contain an unusual number of illustrations among the Thackeray letters. There will be a facsimile of an etched portrait of Thackeray made by Samuel Laurence, a sketch of Mrs. Brookfield by Thackeray, and

a sketch of the nursery at Clevedon Court done by the same hand. The paper on Napoleon and his time in this number of *Scribner's* will be illustrated with seventeen portraits of the great general. The article will extend through two numbers of the magazine.

Henry Holt & Co. have just published, by arrangement with the author, the new anonymous English novel, with American revisions, 'Miss Bayle's Romance,' which deals with the doings of Miss Bayle, of Chicago, and her family, in the Old World. The novel is reported to be the work of a hand well-known in literature, and has been the subject of some cablegrams to the press.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has written a poem for the next *Atlantic*, called 'A Caged Bird.'

D. Appleton & Co. announce 'The College and the Church,' a volume comprising the various papers published in *The Forum* under the title 'How I Was Educated,' and as the 'Confessions' of prominent members of various religious denominations.

Col. Richard M. Hoe's library, chiefly valuable for its works relating to the art of printing, is to be sold by Bangs & Co. on the 23d, 24th and 25th inst. Col. Hoe was not, like many rich business men, unfamiliar with the contents of his own library, but was very fond of reading. Shakspeare and Walter Scott were his favorite authors. He read 'Ivanhoe' once a year for several years before his death.

Dr. Hugo Ericksen has written a book on 'The Cremation of the Dead,' which, with an Introduction by Sir T. Spencer Wells, will be published immediately by D. O. Haynes & Co., Detroit.

Medallion portraits of a dozen literary men and women of America have been on exhibition at the Century Club, before being sent to the Public Library of Springfield, Ill., for which they are intended. They are by a Danish-American sculptor, Mr. Carl Roehls-Smith, and represent Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe and others.

Mr. Shugio delivered a lecture on Japanese books and printing at the Grolier Club on Friday of last week, and an interesting collection of books and printing material was shown to the members of the Club. Specimens of the early scroll books, and of the folded books which formed the next stage in Japanese bibliographical development; fine examples of modern colored lithographic work by Japanese workmen trained in Paris; and newspapers, New Years' cards, political caricatures, and art-books painted in water-colors, were included in the exhibition. The Japanese use cherry-wood blocks for their printing, which is done by hand except in the case of newspapers.

The history of the Wister parties, once famous in Philadelphia and recently revived, will be told by Miss Anne H. Wharton in *Lippincott's* for June.

Mr. Frederick A. Stokes has bought out his partners in the firm of White, Stokes & Allen, and will remain under his own name at 182 Fifth Avenue, as publisher, bookseller, stationer, importer and dealer in works of art. He has in preparation a large number of new publications. Mr. Stokes had charge of the manufacturing department of the firm which he succeeds.

C. W. Moulton & Co. are hereafter to be the publishers of *Queries*, in Buffalo. Mr. Moulton is the editor of the paper. It may be remembered that he tried his 'prentice hand in literary journalism in the same city, six years ago, by starting *The Wyoming Literary Monthly*, afterwards known as *Literature*. His present venture, now in its third year, is more ambitious and deserving. The new firm will be a general publishing-house.

Publication of J. Elliot Cabot's Life of Emerson has been postponed until the fall.

Sophie May's new novel, 'Drones' Honey,' announced by Lee & Shepard, is the author's first venture in writing fiction for mature readers. Her Little Prudy, Doty Dimple and Flaxie Frizzle stories have been written—as their names suggest—solely for the very young.

Dr. Peabody's 'Harvard Lectures on Moral Philosophy' are to be reissued under the title 'Christian Morals,' to avoid confusion with his earlier work.

Edward Allen Fay, of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, has printed in a supplement to *Modern Language Notes*, a tentative list of words used only by Dante, of which he invites criticism. It will be revised for his forthcoming 'Concordance of the Divina Commedia.'

The *Pittsburg Bulletin*, enlarged and improved in appearance, makes a bold push for popularity by adding names of national note to its list of contributors, and seeking a market in the large cities as well as in its native State. Last week's issue contained prose, verse and illustrations of a kind suited to the

magazines; and promise is made of still further improvement in the literary quality of the weekly.

—Mr. Cable has completed the first draft of 'Au Large,' a sequel to 'Caranco' and 'Grande Pointe,' and will go to the southern part of Louisiana soon for the purpose of visiting the scenes of the story.

—An account of the 'Universal language' called Volapük will be given in the June *American Magazine*.

—Miss Cleveland, in her new position in Mrs. Reed's school in this city, will instruct the senior and post-graduate classes in American history—down to the election of her brother as President.

—Mr. Henry E. Abbey, the new lessee of Wallack's Theatre, is quoted as having made the following criticism and promises: 'Placing melodrama upon the stage of Wallack's has in my judgment been a mistake. In future this form of entertainment will be entirely tabooed. Revivals of old sterling comedies and productions of the best new ones I can procure will be the course pursued.'

—Mr. Geo. Riddle has reconsidered his declaration of war against Boston, and 'taken it all back.' He acknowledges that he was wrong, and wants to kiss and make up. He lays his services freely 'at Boston's feet,' and without any unpleasant remarks on their size.

—Mr. Swinburne is making himself conspicuously ridiculous by his attacks on Mr. Gladstone. Let him dislike the famous statesman as much as he wants to, but not stand aside and call him names.

—Hereafter the Museum of Natural History, near Central Park, is to be open on Sunday.

—Andrew Lang, in *The Independent*, accuses Coleridge of inconsistency in not admiring Virgil, of whom he said, 'If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?' 'Yet Mr. Coleridge,' says Mr. Lang, 'had defined poetry as "the best words, in the best order"—that is "diction and metre." He, therefore, proposed to take from Virgil his poetry, and then to ask what was left of the Poet!'

—At the 66th annual meeting of the Mercantile Library Association last Tuesday evening, it appeared that under the efficient direction of Mr. Peoples, the library has had a very successful year. The receipts were \$28,827.12 and expenditures \$26,991.74. The total number of books now in the building is 214,336, the additions during the year numbering 6,318. The circulation during the year exceeded by 6,250 that of the year before. The membership was increased during the year by 1,453 additions, the total number of persons entitled to use the library being now 5,553. Members are urged to use their influence to secure the adoption by Congress of a law permitting libraries to send books through the mail to their out-of-town members as second-class matter.

—Says *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—'Victor Hugo's will shows once more that it is possible to be at the same time a poet and a man of business, possible to sing heroically of France as the country of civilization, of Paris as the centre of the world and the mistress of manners, and yet to invest all one's savings in foreign securities. And in Victor Hugo's case these savings were considerable, 92,126 l. 8s. being invested in England, where it is to remain.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. make some interesting announcements. On the 18th of this month they expect to publish Carl Schurz's 'Henry Clay,' in the American Statesman Series. At about the same time they will publish a volume by Mr. Carswell McClellan, brother of Major H. B. McClellan, who wrote the Life of Major-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, recently published by the same firm. The brothers were on opposite sides in the late War, the author of the forthcoming work, 'The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant vs. the Record of the Army of the Potomac,' being Brevet Lt.-Col. U. S. Volunteers, and special aid on the staff of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, while Major H. B. McClellan belonged to the army of Northern Virginia. A little parchment-covered book, with rubricated cover, arranged in Eighteenth Century style, will be devoted to two papers edited by Mr. Justin Winsor and entitled 'Was Shakspeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements.' We fancy that 'edited' may be taken in the sense of 'written by,' but that is the way Mr. Winsor seems to prefer to have the correspondence appear. On the 28th the same house will publish the Rev. T. T. Munger's 'Appeal to Life,' a volume of sermons which will interest every one who has followed the new theological movement. The 'Phillips Exeter Lectures,' delivered before the students of Phillips Exeter Academy by E. E. Hale,

President McCosh, Phillips Brooks, President Porter and others, will be issued at the same time.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1255.—Where was Lindley Murray born? I say he was an American, but an American contradicts me, and says he was an Englishman.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

E. H. M.

[The eminent grammarian was born near Lancaster, Pa., in 1745, and was a member of the Society of Friends. He came to New York at an early age, but went hence to England about 1784. The latter half of his life was spent abroad, his death occurring in 1817. His works were very popular in England as well as here.]

No. 1256.—What are the necessary qualifications for admission to the English Browning Society, and do they differ from those of the Chicago Society?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. A. M.

[The only requirement for membership in the London Browning Society is the payment of one guinea a year. This entitles members to two copies of all papers issued by the Society during the year, and to purchase back numbers of the Society's publications at the reduced rate of 3s. 6d. per part. The present Hon. Secretary and Treasurer is Walter B. Slater, Esq., 249 Camden Road, London, N. The subscription guinea should be sent to him; or, we suppose, it might be sent to Cupples, Upham & Co., 283 Washington St., Boston, the Society's American agents. The Treasurer of the Chicago Browning Society, to whom applications for membership should be made, is Mrs. Reginald de Koven, 99 Pearson Street, Chicago.]

No. 1257.—Please tell me where I can obtain any information in regard to Laurence Eusden, once Poet Laureate?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

A. M. H.

[We know nothing of Eusden beyond the fact that he became Laureate in 1718, commenced the series of Birthday and New Year's Odes which continued till the death of Pye in 1813, and died in 1730.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Badlam, A. B. Suggestive Lessons in Language. \$1.65. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bourinot, J. G. Local Government in Canada. 50c. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.
Brooke, H. The Fool of Quality. 2 Vols. 60c. Henry Holt & Co.
Browne, L., and Behnke, E. Voice, Song and Speech. \$2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Browning, R. Complete Works. Vols. III. and IV. \$1.75 per vol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Century, The. Nov. 1886—April 1887. \$3.00. The Century Co.
Cous, Prof. E. 'A Woman in the Case.' 1 vol. Brentano Bros.
Dahlgren, M. V. Lights and Shadows of a Life. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Dayne, J. B. In the Name of the Tzar. 15c. Harper & Bros.
Dr. Frank. Health of Our Children. 75c. Boston: Cupples & Co.
Dr. Frank. Health in Our Homes. 75c. Boston: Cupples & Co.
Dr. Frank. A Friend in Need. \$3.00. Boston: Cupples & Co.
Eliot, T. L. Ethics of Gambling. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
Enault, Louis. Le Chien du Capitaine. 25c. W. R. Jenkins.
Green, Anna K. 7 to 12. A Detective Story. 25c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hugo, Victor. Les Misérables. Part I. Fantine. Wm. R. Jenkins.
Jackson, H. Between Whiles. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Johnson, A. Connecticut: A Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Kennard, W. A. Mrs. Siddons. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Knight, Mrs. A. A. A Primer of Botany. 35c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Knox, T. W. How to Travel. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Le Conte, Prof. J. Relation of Evolution to Religious Thought. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
Longfellow, S. Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow. \$3. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Lotze, H. Outlines of Logic. Tr. by Geo. T. Ladd. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Lowe, W. H. A Hebrew Grammar. 75c. T. Whittaker.
Mahaffy, J. P. The Story of Alexander's Empire. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Miss Bayle's Romance. \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.
Murdock, C. A. 'Laissez Faire' and Labor. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
Phillips, W. The Devil's Hat. \$1.00. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Pond, J. B. A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher. Foris, Howard & Hulbert.
Rossetti, D. G. Dante and his Circle. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Stebbins, Rev. H. Use and Abuse of Sunday. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
Walworth, Mrs. J. H. Without Blemish. 50c. Cassell & Co.
Ward, M. A. Dante. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Warfield, B. B. Introduction to Textual Criticism of New Testament. 75c. T. Whittaker.
White, Rev. G. Natural History of Selborne. Vol. I. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Winslow, Wm. C. Naukratis. Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Woolf, P. W. Who is Guilty? 25c. Cassell & Co.